

THE WESLEYAN

Ad Astra per Asperum

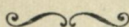
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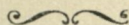
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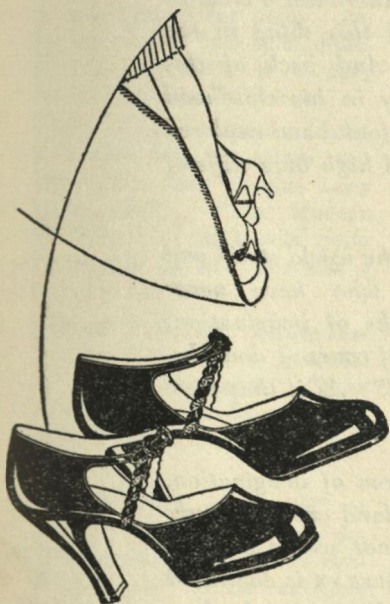
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Features of Fashion In Spring Footwear

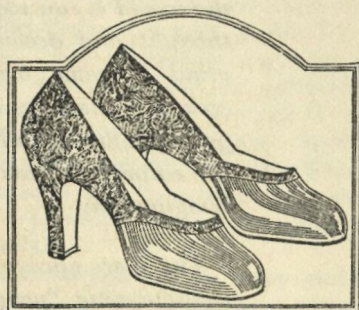
Only the creations of fashion itself limits these collections. Suffice it to say, that to those versed in the prevailing trend of style, our present assemblage is certain to prove a source of unending admiration.



"Betty"

Adorable is this truly feminine creation in all Patent with a fancy embossed strap—

\$11.00



"Barlin"

*Grace itself, is this
D'Orsay pump in*

All Patent.....	\$10.00
Black Satin.....	\$10.00
Black Moire.....	\$11.00
Blonde Astralac....	\$12.50

Macon Shoe Co.

"BEAUTIFUL SHOES"

Foreword

BEFORE there could be any of the useful and prosaic machines with which the world is run today there was a creative thought and dream of this thing in the mind of some man. And back of this creative thinking, early in his childhood perhaps, that man had found and explored the colored caverns and high blue cliffs of imagination.

There are always in the world stolid and well-meaning people who have never plunged into the depths of imagination; who say stubbornly, "Of course I don't believe it. I can't see it!" As if that were even an argument!

Fairies are the children of imagination. And the gates of Fairyland are open only to those who, though not seeing can yet believe. The April WESLEYAN is dedicated to these fairies and to all people who love beauty, who know faith, and who can remember when they and the world were young.

Contributing Editors



MISS WESLEYAN Editor-to-be, Miss Lillian Shearhouse, has ever proved a constant joy with her numerous contributions and to this issue she gives "The Marble Stair." In the midst of it all one forgets the well worn rule of the probable and the possible and is swept along with the imaginative and yet logical plot. Nor does her poem, "The Horseman of the Clouds," disappoint the ardent admirers of her poesy. Indeed, Miss Shearhouse will undoubtedly advance the standards of literary style in the magazine of tomorrow.

The Wesleyan takes pleasure in introducing a new and heretofore unheard from writer, Miss Pauline Lacy of the conservatory. "The Modern Trend and Millay" is an article quite thoroughly written by one who has a fine appreciation for the poet.

Miss Clifford Wilkinson, future exchange editor, gives us a graceful imaginative poem, "Twilights." "Why Did You Then," by Miss Dorothy McKay leaves its admirers humbly pleading for more.

Miss Elizabeth Peck, a "Scribe" of the class of '26, is hailed with pure delight and fond remembrance. She contributes a delightful article entitled, "The Third Wish." It keeps its readers guessing, wondering, puzzling and

then, everything is revealed—only wish for a troop of Girl Scouts.

"Children of the Wesleyan Faculty," is a feature story by Miss Winnie Jones, a sophomore and one of the most promising writers from the underclasses. The story is sure of popularity due to the characters therein.

Now that grand opera is here Miss Eleanor McDonald gives us a timely review of "The Kings Henchman," the Millay-Taylor triumph of the last past year. Miss McDonald expresses in a well written article an extraordinary appreciation of the true work of art.

Miss Dorothy Blackmon charms us with clever remarks on "The Weather." The style and thought is her own and is overflowing with her usual spontaneity.

The fairiest of all fairy stories is "The Country—Without a—Dragon," by Miss Elizabeth Wilde, another prominent sophomore writer. The story quite carries you away with its beautiful golden-haired princess and eats you up with its terrible fire-eating dragon, bats that hang heads down from tree limbs, and its julep trees. The plot is teeming with originality and ends happily. Miss Wilde also contributes "The World on Her Back," a sketch which satisfies every college girl's heart and curiosity as to her spring wardrobe.

The Country Without a Dragon

BY ELIZABETH WILDE

*"In days of old,
When knights were bold."*



HERE was peace in the fair kingdom by the sea, in the land of Nobody Knows. Storms had passed lightly over the harbor, and great ships came safely to anchor there, bearing cargoes of ivory, spices, perfumes, and fairy stuffs. Caravans of traders camped outside the city walls, and the market hummed like a bee-hive with all the bustle of business. The blessing of safety rested on the people, for there was no death-dealing dragon to prey upon them, and the kingdom was everywhere known as "The Country Without A Dragon." But all through the land, sadness mocked the seeming contentment.

The cause of this sadness, amazingly enough, was the very absence of a dragon. Even those peasants who would undoubtedly be the daily ration of such a beast deplored their safety. The depression extended even to the marble palace in its grove of Julep trees, where a thousand rainbow parrots played. The reason for the strange lack of gratitude for their state of peace was explained by a festival held on a fair April day.

Everybody with his wife, children, sister and sweetheart crowded into the capitol. Merchant-princes and proud lords with their retinues made a living tulip garden on the palace lawns, in their many-hued turbans.

There were many precious treasures in the palace, brought in tall ships from the far corners of the earth, but the most priceless treasure of all was the princess, who was entertaining the noble ladies of the land in the inner court, where perfumed fountains played.

The old king had but one child, the last gift of the gracious queen to her lord and people. And the whole coun-

try was united in its efforts to honor her on her birthday.

Even on this great day, a feeling of anxious excitement swept the throng within the palace gates, and communicated itself to the multitude on the city streets. It was the princess's sixteenth birthday, and she was to choose her future husband, the king-to-be, who would rule the country.

As the sun sank in the western sky, the silver chimes rang out, and the princess entered the throne room, where all the wise men of the state were assembled.

Her robe was as blue as the sea below the palace, but her eyes, above the tissue of her veil, were more deeply blue. Her curly hair was the glowing gold of frost-kissed autumn leaves. Every eye followed with pleasure the grace with which she advanced to the throne, and kissed her father's hand. And from every troubled heart there came a mighty sigh.

"Why is my royal father so sad, on my birthday?" she asked.

"The time has come, oh jewel of my heart, for you to choose a prince who shall be brave, and kind and wise, to rule our people. There are three princes, any one of whom will be acceptable to me, and to your nobles. The final choice rests with you. Let the ambassadors be summoned."

Down the stately hall came three mighty men, in strangely cut robes, each bearing in his right hand a gift, and in his left a silken cushion on which reposed a miniature. They knelt at the princess' tiny feet, and each in turn proffered their gifts.

"Speak," said the King. And the very oldest man of the three began.

"Fairest of ladies, I have come from the Far Kingdom, bearing this necklace of sapphires, as a token of the love of

our noble Prince. I pray you, accept the gift, and this miniature of my lord, and look with favor upon one who is in all things fearless. Wise men know that 'none but the brave deserves the fair.'"

Timidly, yet with regal poise, the Princess accepted the gift, and took up the miniature. Ruddy red was the young man's hair, and his eyes were most piercingly blue. The young girl looked for some reassurance in the pictured face, but could find there no slightest trace of gentleness, and turned away.

Then the second lord knelt before her.

"Most illustrious Princess, from the far Northland I have come with this jewel like the blocks of ice that lock our shores each winter. Wear it, and know that you have found favor in the eyes of my Prince, so that he bids you be his bride. This is his likeness."

With queenly grace, this time, the Princess scanned the haughty face painted upon the ivory. The hair was gold, and the eyes were black as night and as hard as polished ebony.

"Truly, a handsome face, and that of a man born to rule. But I find in it no sign of that consideration that insures a woman's happiness. Nothing can I read in it but pride."

"A lady fair as you need fear nothing, for my master is kindness itself to all that gratifies his pride, even the fleet steeds in his stables."

But the Princess returned the miniature, and dismissed him courteously. As the third messenger knelt at her feet, the last rays of sunlight fell on her head like a halo, and turned the tears on her lashes to shimmering gems.

"Flower of maidens," he said gravely, "Lady wise in judgment beyond your years, I offer you, not a jewel to wear, but a brave man's sword, and the respectful request of an old and a good king that you will look with kindness upon his son, and bless our land with your charity, that is known to be even as great as your beauty. This is my

beloved Prince."

The Princess took the ivory disk eagerly, and gazed with earnest eyes at the young face painted there.

"What dark hair, and frank eyes," she said. "There is tenderness in his smile. This man can I trust to rule gently and wisely, both our people, and my heart. This is the Prince of my choice."

Then the King kissed his daughter, and two ambassadors went away, one with the resignation of old age, and the other with the fury of hurt pride.

"The Princess does us great honor," said the third lord. "But our Prince will not wed blindly, however fair and good the lady may be known to be. The Princess he weds must first win his love. Then she will be happy all the days of her life."

The Princess smiled. "I will not love him, until he reads the message in the stars, and finds the gift worth his acceptance," she said. But the King and the courtiers were grave.

"Alas, dear heart, you are fairer than the stars themselves, and most worthy to be loved. But with all your beauty, you may never win his love, for there is no dragon in all our land."

And the courtiers sighed together. "Alas, alas no dragon in our land."

"Why should we not be thankful that there is no such curse upon our country?" the little Princess asked in amazement.

"Light of my eyes, the Princes of this day go adventuring, killing dragons where they find them. If there is a fair Princess in the kingdom, they wear her colors to the fight, and persuade themselves the victory is won for her; in her praise of their valor they find a mirror for their pride and love the lady for the gratification of their conceit. "There is no dragon here to teach the Prince of your beauty and sweetness, and I much fear that, while traveling to our country, he will stop to kill some monster, and be caught in the toils of a fair lady's admiration, while you, the loveliest of them all, grace my palace

unseen. All your humble subjects pray that a dragon will infest our land, and draw a strong hand here to slay the beast, and rule them in the days to come when my old hands can no longer hold the jeweled scepter."

Then they planned with the ambassador that the Prince would arrive in a fortnight, coming on horseback through the forests of the Kingdom Next Door.

The Princess returned to her guests, and the ladies began to plan a series of gay festivities for the Prince's entertainment. The little Princess herself, however, thought of this brave young man, and studied the miniature to impress his likeness on her heart, where a true and tender love for him was awakening.

Three days of the fortnight passed, and then a servant on a foaming horse brought the King a message from the Prince: there was a dragon lurking in the border forest, between the two kingdoms, and he had sworn to kill it. The King knew that there were three beautiful Princesses in the Kingdom-Next-Door, black-haired, vivacious ladies. Except for his own daughter, there were no fairer Princesses anywhere. The courtiers were sunk in gloom. The King sought the Princess in her eastern turret, and told her of the postponement of their plans. He did not deceive her about the loveliness of the ladies of the other country, and the Princess well knew what gorgeous gowns would grace the court during the Prince's visit.

She did not despair, however, but, when the King left her, called her cousin to her, and asked him where the dragon's lair was, when the Prince intended to match his strength against the wicked one's, and what plans were being made for the Prince's entertainment.

"The evil creature dwells by a once fair woodland pool, not far from our Blue Castle on the border. The Prince will seek him after seven days and nights of feasting and dancing."

"Is there safety in our Blue Castle, or could the dragon enter there?" she asked thoughtfully.

"The castle itself is safe, for the dragon could never climb the thirteen stairs that lead to the great door. It could be entered at noon, while the monster sleeps in the heat of the day. Once inside, one would have to stay until the dragon is killed."

All night long the lady pondered over this information, and prayed for courage to dare anything for her love. At dawning, she was firmly resolved that she feared neither dragon nor fate, and not even death itself more than that that she might never see her Prince. She wept as she pictured him lying dead in the forest, and cried out against those who weakened his fighting strength with vain pomp and show. Then she sent for her dearest friend among the ladies of the palace, and they packed her soft blue robes, and all that might be needed in treating wounds. When all was packed, the Princess bade her cousin come to her secretly, and she talked to him earnestly. He could refuse her nothing, but saddled three horses, and placed their baggage on a snow-white donkey. The Princess, her friend, and her cousin left the palace by a side gate before the sun had fully gotten the sleep clouds out of his eyes.

While the Kingdom-Next-Door echoed to mirth and music, the poor old king and his subjects were searching in vain for their Princess. The news that the Prince was leaving to fight the dragon, and would reach the palace in the Julep grove in six days caused them only grief, for there was now no lovely Princess waiting to win his heart, and a young ruler for that unhappy Country Without a Dragon.

At last, the Prince bade farewell to the three Princesses, and thanked the King for his offer of anything, even to a third of his kingdom, after the traditional manner of kings having three lovely daughters, if he killed the dragon.

He entered the forest in high spirits, musing over the beauty of the ladies, and trying to decide which one he liked best. The day was hot, and it was still in the forest. The prancing of his horse, who had rested while his master danced, alone kept him from falling asleep. Nearer and nearer the fatal pool he came. All the little forest creatures had hidden away. The graceful birches, willows, and rushes that had bordered the stream were uprooted and slobbered over with blood and fur. A gnarled old oak tree surveyed its twisted image in the sullied waters, which shrank back before the hot breath of the dragon. Horned owls kept watch, and bats hung by their heels from the limbs of the tree, and blinked at the scene of death. As the Prince rode up, he saw the dragon wallowing in mud, snoring in a ghastly fashion. The beast had eaten his fill, and was asleep, in his conceit, fearing nothing. The Prince dismounted, and unsheathing his sword, awoke the dragon with his challenge. The fight that ensued was dreadful to see and to hear. The little ripples of the pool shuddered in horror, and the owls hooted in fiendish glee, while the dragon uttered such cries as are heard in the pit where humans are tortured in dire penance. The long afternoon waned, and the dragon began to feel hungry, and wished to end the sport. The poor prince was so weary from the seven days and nights of feasting that he could hardly wield his sword. With a sudden rush night swept down and hid the terror from sight. Then was the plight of the prince pitiful in the extreme. He could see the dragon only by his blazing red eyes. The cruel talons at last passed his feeble guard, and raked his arm. With a last effort, he drew his dagger. Suddenly a beacon fire blazed on the castle wall. By its light he drove his poniard into the black heart of the hideous monster. The death howls of the dragon shook the bats from their perch. The prince lost consciousness. Then down the steps of

the Blue Castle came a tall man and bore him away to safety.

When he again became conscious, his arm was bandaged, and white hands offered him broth and wine to bring back his strength. He had caught a fever from the poisonous claws, and for three days he moaned and tossed in pain. The sweet voice and gentle touch of the smaller lady alone seemed to soothe him and bring him relief. The evening of the third day found him weak, but well again, and realizing that he must go on to the Country-Without-A-Dragon and let his father know of his escape. The veiled lady came and talked to him sweetly, with gentle wit, and a wisdom that he found more gratifying than the laughter of the three ladies he had left, just as he found her healing touch worth far more than the parties they had so thoughtlessly given for him, and which had nearly cost him his life. When she said good night and left him in the moonlit tower, he felt a loneliness greater than anything he had ever known before.

The next morning the man who had carried him into the Blue Castle told him that his horse was ready, and that there was a short way to the capitol city which he would show him. The prince bent over the lady's hand and begged that she would raise her veil and let him see her face, that he might know her, when he sought for her. But she started back, and refused. Then he begged her to accept the massive ring which he had won in combat, and asked her permission to seek her through all the world. She gave him both her hands, and as he placed the ring on her finger, whispered to him that she would be most glad, should he find her again. So the prince mounted and rode away, half sad to leave, half eager to be gone, that he might seek her again.

When he came into the city, he found everyone mourning for the princess, and considering her dead, for her white horse had limped home, to die of his wounds. The prince tried to comfort

the king, and offered to seek for the missing lady. But the king had lost hope, and to divert his mind, the prince told him of the adventure that had befallen him in the forest. Then the king said:

"My son, you are a brave and a true prince. I no longer have a daughter. Let me help you find this lady, since she lives on the border of my country, and when she is found, I will give her the wedding my daughter would have had."

The prince thanked him, and sent word to his father that he would stay in the capital city until his lady was found.

Because the prince had never seen her face, but had only his ring and her voice to recognize her by, the king summoned all the golden haired ladies to the palace to play and sing for the royal visitor's entertainment. It gave him a melancholy pleasure to find that the prince's love was a fair woman, for he thought to himself that the prince might have loved his daughter, if he had seen her.

For two long days, the loveliest of golden haired ladies came to the throne room to play for the prince. But, no slim white hand was laden with the great ring, and no voice, so the prince said, was as sweet as his dear lady's. At sunset on the third day, a dainty maiden asked to be allowed to try her skill. The king had left the hall, depressed and saddened by the sight of so many golden-haired girls, none of whom was his own daughter. But the prince was tireless in his search, and a page told the lady to enter and play. Down the long room came a slim figure of exquisite grace. Her robe was sea-blue, and her silver veil was bound with a chapelet of white roses, crowning the most radiantly golden curls in all that throng of beauties. Straight to the harp she came, curtsied to the prince, and touched the strings softly. On her left hand, the mystic ring gleamed, and her voice was as soft as a nun's at vesper hour, and as sweet as a wild

bird's at mating time. With a happy shout, the prince dropped on his knees before her, and his tears fell fast and unashamedly on her small hands. The king was sent for, and he came to speak to the lady who had given such happiness to the prince he loved as a son. He offered them the Blue Castle as a wedding gift, and tenderly, but with closed eyes, stooped to kiss the lady's forehead. She uttered a little choking cry, and dropped her veil.

"Father, dear, open your eyes," she cried.

The king opened his eyes in surprise, when he heard the loved voice he had thought silent forever, and saw his daughter. He clasped her in his arms, in silent thanksgiving. The prince beheld for the first time the face of the lady he had loved for her sweetness and gentleness, and found her, with her blue eyes so bravely tender above the shy, dawn-pearl blush of her cheeks, and her mouth made for smiles and kisses, beautiful beyond compare. Surely there never was such a happy country, nor such a prompt wedding. As for the bride, her happiness alone equalled her beauty, in her royal robes of ivory satin, and everyone envied the prince his lovely bride, and the princess her brave lover.

When the ceremony was over, the prince and his princess stood on a rose-wreathed balcony in the moonlight, in the silence of perfect happiness. The little princess was remembering an overturned saddle, the ride to the Blue Castle on her cousin's horse, the nights of terror, with the dragon howling and trying to climb the castle steps, and the anguish of suspense during the prince's battle with the mighty beast. With a triumphant smile, she whispered against his heart:

"Of course, no dragon is a match for a princess, when she really loves!"

"What did you say, my own?" asked the prince.

"Only how very much I love you, dear," she answered in dreamy content.

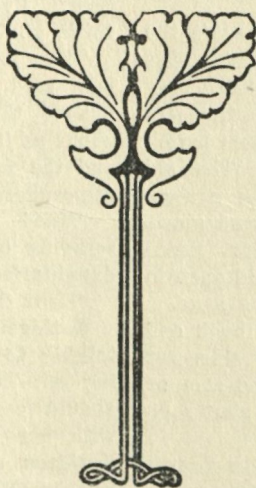
The Horsemen of the Clouds

BY LILLIAN SHEAROUSE

*When on a sultry noon the sun
Faints in his heat, and o'er the sky
The white clouds scatter, soon you'll hear
The horsemen of the clouds go by.*

*They gather in the laden west,
And muffled deep in wind and rain,
Across the heavens thundering go,
And flash their swords o'er hill and plain.*

*But whence they come or where they go,
Wrapped in their thunder-shower shrouds,
No one can tell, 'though all the earth
Waits on the horsemen of the clouds.*



Coolaney Fairies

BY ROSE FYLEMAN

*"But if the fairies love you
It's all right."*

"It is that the fairies are sure to be coming tonight," old Tim remarked to his daughter as they sat together in the warm glow of the fire and listened to the high wind whistle through the pines, and heard in the distance the call of a lonely dog complaining to the moon. "'Tis wind and moon that make them come," the old man added half to himself as he watched the little tongues of flame lick the live coals and spring into living forms of smoke.

"Father, and why do you talk of the little people tonight?" the girl asked gently. There was no trace of surprise in her calm voice but there was a puzzled uneasy look in her eyes as she studied the old man's bent shoulders and the faraway stare in his pale blue eyes. "'Tis a long time since you have spoken of the fairies, father. Very often when I was small you took me with you into the forest near Coolaney, and there you used to tell me of them. You have not spoken of them since we came to this country."

"Ay, but I've seen them many's the time in Ireland." Old Tim's eyes sparkled at the memory. "'Tis only that this new land frightens the wee folk. There's none to heed them here."

A long silence followed. The old man, gazing intently at the strange shapes of smoke as they formed above the coals, was lost in thought. Kathleen stared at the book she held open in her lap, but she did not turn a page.

With a sigh she closed the book and stealing quietly over to his side, sat down beside her father on the arm of his chair and laid her hand gently on his stooped shoulder.

Her voice was tender and a forced smile was on her lips as she spoke, "Dear father, are you longing to go back to your old home? Are you restless for the green woods of Ireland?

'Tis unlike a man of your years to be talking of fairy folk. Can it be that you are wanting to leave the wealth and comforts of America and go back to the lonely cottage near the forest of Coolaney?"

"And how can I make you see, Colleen, the longing in my heart for those old friends? 'Tis plain to see you are no child of Ireland, to have so little understanding," he leaned back in his chair and smiled to himself, as he added, "When we were living in our cottage there you'd take your little lunch and follow me into Coolaney. And while I cut the trees you'd busy your wee self gathering chips into your apron for the winter fires. And when I rested from my chopping you'd sit beside me on the fallen trees and listen to the tales my father had told me. E'en then, Kathleen, your mind was open only to those things your eyes might see. When all the tales were ended you would frown and say, 'But, father, are they true? I've never seen a fairy.' And, faith, you'd not believe me even then."

"You loved Coolaney, father," Kathleen said simply. "I fear you'd still believe that these wee folk were all about us if you had but the dark woods and the fair moons of Ireland to lend atmosphere."

"Hist! What was that? I heard a scraping at the door." He caught his daughter's hand.

"Hear them now?" he whispered.

Kathleen sighed. There was no use talking to her father tonight. Dreading lest Timothy, her younger brother, should come in and grow impatient with her father's wandering thoughts Kathleen urged the old man to go to bed. "'Tis late, father, the clock has long since struck eleven," she said by way of suggestion.

The old man rose obediently and

started slowly up the stairs. Kathleen turned to the chair in which he had been sitting and thumped the pillows back into shape, gave the fire a hasty poke, and started after him. In her father's old age she had learned to fulfill the place of mother as well as daughter. Tonight she felt more the mother than the daughter as she helped him find his foot warmers and tucked the cover around his shoulders.

It was scarcely twenty years since old Tim had left his simple Irish cottage by Coolaney and sailed with his wife and two children to the States. Little Timothy was only a baby at the time, and Kathleen, an eight-year old girl, was too young to shed tears for her old home when such a glorious adventure lay before her. The mother, whose Scotch blood had never allowed her to love old Ireland too dearly, was glad enough to get over to a new country to visit her cousin who had gained a fortune there. Only old Tim looked back with longing in his misty eyes as he saw the loved coast fading from him.

The urging of the cousin whose wealth was proof of the country's prosperity and the insistence of his wife made old Tim consent to prolong the visit. It was not long before he agreed to remain, and make the States his home.

He could no longer follow the trade of his ancestors and go into the forest each day to cut wood, but he found a satisfaction in becoming a farmer. Tim was happy in his work, and the soil of Georgia and the quiet country people took the place of the forests of Coolaney and the neighbors he had once loved.

At the death of his cousin the fortune was left to Tim, and he found himself lost in a wealth he had never known and bewildered among the newfound luxuries.

A town house was to Tim no less than a formidable prison, but he suffered himself to be led into one for his wife's sake.

His children had grown up in this house, which was a palace compared to the little thatched cottage in Coolaney. His son's car with its siren horn mocked the memory of his quaint little Irish dump cart, with its tinkling bell.

At the death of his wife, Tim began to grow silent, and at times he would wander from room to room in the great house, lost in its immensity. It was due to his speechless sorrow that Kathleen, though she was then only fifteen, began to play the part of mother and guardian for her father, and for thirteen years she had played this part quietly and with the efficiency which she had inherited with her mother's Scotch blood.

For the last few years she had taken control of the money and all the business affairs, and her practical sense made her enjoy the financial problems which he had despised and neglected.

As Kathleen turned out the light and started down the stairs, the front door opened and a young man entered, dragging himself on unsteady feet across the room.

"Timothy!" she called in a hushed voice, fearing that her father would hear her, "Is that you?"

"Yeah. What of it?" came the short and thick answer from the room below.

Kathleen needed no more than that reply to know that the thing which she dreaded was true. Her hand trembled as it touched the railing. She hesitated for a moment on the landing. But it was only for a moment that she hesitated. Drawing herself up tall and straight she descended the stair.

It was another Kathleen who entered the room and found her brother sprawling over the depths of old Tim's chair. All the tenderness was gone from her voice; the hands which had gently tucked the cover about her father's shoulders looked strong and inflexible as they hung straight by her side. There was no frown on her face, but there was a severity in its very coldness. Her eyes

in their piercing gaze reflected a hardness which was the result of constant suffering from the same cause.

She sat down stiffly in a straight backed chair opposite her brother.

"Well, go ahead and say it," he cried impetuously, shuffling his feet uneasily, "Say, 'you promised,' again. Tell me about the evils of drink. You couldn't live through an evening without it," he sneered.

"I am not going to tell you anything about it. My days of pleading are over. If you see fit to kill yourself and break father's heart, I'm sorry. But I've done all I can to persuade you." She measured her words as she talked to him. His eyes shifted beneath her steady gaze. "I told you, however, that you had one more chance, and now you have proved that you are incapable of taking care of yourself."

The boy started suddenly, realizing through the haze of his confused brain the words that were inevitably to follow.

"There will be no more money for you until you can prove to me that you deserve it."

"But, there must be!" he cried, springing from his chair and clutching her arm, "You'll have to give me some money tomorrow. I must have a thousand dollars," and he shook her in his terror.

"A thousand dollars?" she echoed. Then breaking away from his grasp she stated again firmly, "Not one cent."

"You don't understand . . . a debt of honor . . .," he almost shouted the words, knowing even as he spoke that she had him in her power and would not give in to his indulgence another time.

A creaking door, an unsteady step on the floor above, and a sudden streak of light on the stairs caused the brother and sister to draw away from each other suddenly and become silent. As the slow footsteps began to fall on the

stairs the two fell back in their chairs and waited in apparent calm.

Old Tim, wrapped in his bathrobe, descended into the room. He did not notice the strained relations between his children as he entered.

"Colleen," he looked at his daughter wistfully, "Are you remembering the nights when you were a small thing . . . how you would put out a bowl of milk for the little people?"

Kathleen looked uneasily at her brother whose face bore an insolent smile. "Yes, father, I remember. I was a child then." And rising to lead him away from the unkind gaze of her brother, she added, "Fairies are for children . . . Irish children."

Although he recognized the rebuff, the old man was not to be discouraged. "I was thinking you might be putting some out for them tonight. They brought us good luck and happiness those days," he suggested.

"Yes, father, I will do it, if you think I should. But the night is cold, and you will be ill, leaving your warm bed like this," and she led him toward the stairs again.

"You'll not forget?" he questioned as he started up again.

"No, father."

Again, when he reached the landing he turned and called back to her, "You'll remember about the milk . . . are you sure?"

"Yes, of course, I'll remember," and once more she looked uneasily at her brother.

"What's the idea?" he questioned, mockingly, "You and father going back to your childhood again?"

"Brother, please don't talk like this. How can I talk to you now in your condition? If only you had come home . . . come home . . . different. I need your help and you are another burden tonight. Something has happened to father, I am afraid."

"The old man's taken up queer notions lately, has he? I've noticed it myself. You think I'm blind, but I

have seen him muttering to himself and talking in his Irish ways," he laughed, and his shoulders shook with the strange and cruel mirth of a drunk man.

There was no chance to get help from Timothy that night. Tomorrow, Kathleen told herself, she would talk to him about her father, about going back to Ireland with him, about her fear that his mind was failing, but tonight . . . she sat still ignoring his heartless words.

Warmed by the glow of the fire and the heat of the whiskey, Timothy poured forth all the thoughts and near-thoughts he had been harboring in his mind for years, and to these he added the reckless words that crowded their way into his clouded brain.

"It's been hard enough to be teased about my Irish blood all my life. If father's going to take up fairy tales for sport, he'll have to do it somewhere else. I had to give a bloody nose to every boy in school to stop 'em from calling me Irishman, Cop, Pat. . .," he boasted, flourishing an unsteady fist by way of illustration.

"I'm sick o' the Irish. I'm sick o' the way you boss me around and hand out the cash in pennies like I was somebody's child," he raved, but Kathleen heard no more.

"Back to Ireland!" she thought to herself, "Back to Ireland? What can I do about father now? Timothy! Timothy! Timothy!" her heart cried to her brother, and her voice longed to beg for his sympathy and aid, but she knew too well the futility of it.

The next day Timothy was no better. He came down the stairs sullen and unresponsive when the effects of his day's dissipation had worn off. He sat before the fire with a preoccupied look on his face, as if he were busy at some deep planning. When his father came through the room with an axe in his hand Timothy started suddenly, and immediately blushed at showing his surprise. Kathleen speaking to him

from the next room caused him to start again, and once more the start was followed by a look of shame.

"Timothy, the club is coming here to play bridge," she said coolly as she entered the room. "I'm afraid you'll have to go into the back sitting room, if you don't mind. Alice has made a fire in there for you."

"Gossiping women and wandering old men," he said sullenly to himself. "What's the matter with father? Where was he going with that axe a few minutes ago?"

"Father? I didn't see him," Kathleen exclaimed. "Did he go out of the house—and with an axe?"

"Yeah. He must think he's got to go to cutting wood for a living again. He had an old suit on and his old coat and hat. What's the matter with father, anyway? Is he crazy?"

"I'm afraid he is—he is—Timothy," she could not force herself to say the words, "His mind is—is wandering. He is all right most of the time, but the last few days, he has been talking about fairies and reminding me of," she paused. She knew her brother hated Ireland—Coolaney. "I think he wants to go back."

"To Ireland?" Timothy's eyes showed horror at the thought. "I suppose he'd have us live in a thatched cottage with the cows in one side and us in the other. And ride in a dump cart. And dance Irish jigs. And in the end, make a first-rate woodcutter out of his only son."

"You might worry about him instead of yourself for a while," Kathleen cried indignantly. "Timothy, you'd better go follow him and see what he is doing. I am worried about him out in the woods alone."

The boy rose grumbling at the cold outside and complaining against his father for inconsiderately wandering off, but he took up his hat and coat and followed the old man.

In the woods, not far from the edge of the little town, Timothy found his

father. He was sitting on a stump with the axe on the ground at his feet, making no sound, but sat silently watching a bird in the poplar tree nearby. There were no fresh chips to show that he had been at work. Timothy stopped behind the bushes a hundred yards or more away from his father and watched him.

Suddenly, as if struck by an inspiration, the boy slipped from the bushes and, cautiously lest his father see him, stole back toward the town.

A half hour later old Tim wandered back to his home and, seeing the visitors at the door with his daughter, stole around to the back of the house and up the kitchen stairway to the second floor, and went to the room which was still called his study, although it had become more Kathleen's than his in recent years. As he turned the knob and noiselessly opened the door he saw his son, Timothy, leaning over his desk and looking through the papers in one of the drawers.

The door made no noise on its hinges, but as it opened full the knob rattled almost imperceptibly in his restraining hand. Timothy jerked erect and hastily closed the drawer. Instinctively he started to turn toward the noise at the door, but, checking himself suddenly he turned back to the desk and began fumbling with the books on top. Above his coat collar his neck flushed crimson.

Old Tim entered and closed the door behind him.

"Have you lost something, son?" and going to the desk he reopened the drawer his son had been looking through and brought out a handful of papers. "Kathleen's things," he commented shifting the legal-looking documents through his hands. Bank notes, bonds. Timothy watched them with greedy eyes as his father stood carelessly handling them. Through his mind ran the argument with Kathleen the night before. A debt of honor, he had told her. Well, it was—in a way.

He had to have the money. She would never give it to him—he needed it now.

"I was looking for a book," he said finally. "A—a—book I wanted to read," glancing hastily at the desk he scanned the titles: a worn volume of Irish verse, the Common Prayer, Irish Legends. "Er—here—this is it." And he drew the book of legends from its place.

The old father's face lighted with pleasure. "Why are you reading that? 'Tis fine to see a son of mine who loves the old country," in an instant he had forgotten that his son had been searching through papers which were not his own. In his joy to find a lover of Irish fairies he failed to see the guilt that still hovered in Timothy's eyes.

The boy had begun. He saw no way out of the difficulty except through further deceit. "I've been wishing I could see the old island, father. I cannot remember the fair forest of Coolaney."

"You were a babe when we left the old country, Timothy," the old man said sadly, "I did not know you'd love the place," his voice became low and apologetic. "Kathleen—she wants to understand, but, ay! there's too much of her mother's nature in her to care for Irish and Irish beauty. 'Tis foolishness to her."

Hungry for the company of someone who understood him old Tim talked on to his son until the shadows gathered about them in the room, and the unattended fire died into glowing coals. He did not notice how the boy's eyes wandered constantly toward the drawer where the papers lay, nor was he more than half-aware when the boy rose to go. For a long time after his son had left the room old Tim sat smiling to himself at the new-found pleasure in his son and dreaming of the trip they should take together back to his old home. Kathleen would go, of course, but she would rather stay in the village with its comforts, and he and Timothy

would go together and alone into the forest of Coölaney.

When the house was still and silent that night, and the old father was asleep and dreaming of the pleasure that lay before him and his son, a shadow fell across the threshold and a man crept stealthily into the study. Straight across the room the figure glided and without hesitation approached the desk where the papers lay. The last spark from the fire flickered and died as the man, with the papers held tightly beneath his coat, turned and slipped out into the hall again.

It was the affair of an instant. Two minutes later the man had gone down the dack stairs, caught a small satchel in his hand, unlocked the kitchen door and disappeared into the night.

The moonlight shone on old Tim's face and disturbed his dreams. The delightful fantasy of the early night was changed into tortuous nightmares. He tossed uneasily in his bed. It was all about Timothy—Timothy lost—Timothy laughing at him—Timothy hurt. He groped through his dreams for his son, but he could never quite reach him. He could see him lying injured beside the road, but when he drew near to the boy he faded away.

The moonlight shone on Kathleen's face and waked her. She rose and pulled the shade down and went back to sleep.

When morning came it was Kathleen who discovered the empty room where Timothy should have slept. The bed was untouched. The keys to his car were gone. She went into the garage. The car was gone. Through the house she went, searching for some sign from her brother. In the study she found it: an opened drawer and all the papers which stood for the family wealth—gone—all the convertible bonds—stolen. The argument with her brother flashed through her mind. "A thousand dollars," he had said, "A debt of honor."

A sudden pain came to her as she

saw the happy smile on her father's face as he came down the stairs to breakfast. His first words were, "Where's the boy?"—it had been years since he had called his son "the boy"—and the words fell like weights of iron on her heart. She turned away unable to tell him the truth.

"Where's Timothy?" he insisted, "Is the lazy one in bed yet?" he asked, with all the tenderness he knew in that word "lazy."

Her eyes plead with him to stop, but he did not see their pleading. "He is gone," she answered finally to his insistent questions.

"Gone!" he cried, "Where is he gone? Colleen, do you mean—is my boy—tell me." He clutched her arm as Timothy had done on that night when she refused him money, "Is my boy dead?"

With her arm about his shoulders, the shoulders so bent and weary now, she led him across the room to his chair, and told him all she could. She told him of the quarrel, and flinching at her own cruelty, she told him of her brother's drunkenness. She did not tell him how he cursed his father. There was no need for that.

Her eyes filled with tears as she watched the old man sway beneath the burden of his sorrow. His hands clutched between his knees, he sat staring into the ashes of the dead fire.

All day long he sat staring and muttering to himself, while about him moved the household in funereal sorrow. Kathleen went from room to room straightening the pillows, opening drawers only to close them at once, pausing before the windows to look long and hopelessly towards the far-away horizon.

Toward sunset the old man began to change. His tenseness was broken. He began to follow his daughter about the house, begging her to tell him more.

A strange look came into his eyes . . . the look they had held when he talked of the fairies the night before, but now

it was intensified beyond all comparison. And following that look came one of inexpressible calm.

The mind that had tottered on the brink of sanity fell to the other side. A smile lit his face. "Colleen, did you remember the milk for the wee folk?" he asked earnestly, "They're after bringing me happiness, I can feel."

And as the light began to appear from the town he stood in the doorway with the great door thrown wide. "I'm thinking they're coming tonight," he

whispered to his daughter who stood close beside him, "I hear them now, Colleen! I see them! Can you see them creeping yonder through the hedge?" he cried. Looking at her sad face he turned away and shook his head, "Ah, no, Kathleen, 'tis not your nature. You cannot see them. Tis much you are missing, my daughter. They bring a peace which none can know whose world is only in reality." And his daughter saw the pity in his eyes.



EDITORIAL

Materialism

BY CLARA NELL HARGROVE



IN ANALYZING European antagonism to Americans, editors of current magazines and papers inevitably resort to the word "materialism." America is disliked by foreigners, according to popular reasoning, because her citizens think in terms of practical usefulness rather than vague idealisms. We are called the "installment-plan nation," and with this crushing epithet the ultimatum reaches its climatic conclusion.

In the European condemnation, materialism is not confined to its stricter meaning. The prevalent conception of our materialism is our restless search for happiness through the pleasure afforded by material things—a love of comfort; of conveniences. The American family struggle to own an automobile, a new home, antique furniture.

And yet, there is one phase of the matter that our critics have overlooked. American children are born into homes filled with dreams for their little lives. They learn to read and write in a land of nursery rhymes and mother goose literature; they pass childhood in a land of delightful fairies, dwarfs, and make-believe; they reach adolescence with its dreams of chivalry, knighthood, and bravery; in college they dream of glorious attainment.

With age there comes the modification of these unattainable imaginings into the realization of practical needs. Each year millions of dollars are given by American philanthropists to such humanitarian causes as endowment to colleges, hospitals for crippled children, and orphanages.

Materialism? Rather an harmonious fusion of American materialism with American idealism—the perfect fusion for which we should all strive.

Is there no fairy land in America? Indeed, there is a new fairy land—one which leads into a beautiful life of service.

Speaking of Opera

BY ELEANOR McDONALD



WITH our own Grand Opera so near, surely it is appropriate that we rave a while about the latest in the repertoire of the great Metropolitan Opera Company—The King's Henchman. The music to this exquisite new opera is by Deems Taylor, editor of THE MUSICAL AMERICA, and an eminent musician, while the play is by that lyric genius, Edna St. Vincent Millay.

To anyone who is at all familiar with any of Miss Millay's works, we need not try to praise her, for any praise from us would be too slight. But, if the King's Henchman is not the greatest work yet to fall from her pen, it has, at least, brought her the most renown. The play shows a masterful touch and is written in true dramatic style. The characters are clearly

shown, and are so ingeniously portrayed that one cannot fail to be impressed by each personality.

The plot is very simple, centering around Aethelwold, foster-brother and dearest friend to Eadgar, King of England. These two strong characters are very like Arthur and Launcelot in *The Idylls of the King*. As a proof of his trust in Aethelwold, Eadgar sends him to Devon to bring back to him Aelfrieda, daughter of the Thane of Devon, if he thought her suitable to be his wife. Aethelwold, a veritable woman hater, accidentally meets a beautiful blond maid in the wood near Devon and immediately falls in love with her—only to find to his utter despair that she is Aelfrieda, who has come to the wood trusting in a Halloween superstition that here at midnight she would meet her husband. He struggles with his soul for months, but his love finally overcomes his conscience, and, after having sent word to Eadgar that the girl was unsuitable, they are married. Eadgar comes to get him, hearing of his marriage. Aethelwold tries to escape with Aelfrieda but is unable to, and he is forced to tell the sad story of his mission to her, she is at first indignant, and shows her true vain nature, but finally she promises to make herself ugly to save her husband. However, when Eadgar enters, spurred on by her servant Ase and her vanity, she robes herself in her most beautiful clothes, and comes forth. Aethelwold, his heart broken by this last straw on his poor crushed spirit, stabs himself at her feet. The king bemoans so brave a knight fallen so low for such a shallow maid, and the play ends with a melancholy dirge for his untimely death.

The play is highly colored with beautiful long speeches and tender love scenes, while the whole thing lives before ones eyes. There is an abundance of Miss Millay's characteristic clear, cool verse, with frequent bits of sheerest beauty.

Mr. Taylor's score is admirably fitted to Miss Millay's play. He makes the most of her brilliant climaxes and many love scenes, enhancing the already perfect words with just-as-perfect music. The leading parts are very exacting on the artist, and are extremely difficult, although the opera is comparatively short. At the rehearsals, Edward Johnson, the American tenor who sang the lead in the opening—says that there was much confusion because of the newness of the phrases to the artists. They soon learn to love these quaint old English phrasings, however, on which Miss Millay had studied and worked so long.

The opening of this unique opera was on February 17, 1927, at the Metropolitan with an all-star, American caste—including Florence Easton as Aelfrieda, Edward Johnson as Aethelwold the Henchman, and Lawrence Tibbett as Eadgar the king. The audience was especially charmed with male choruses, built on themes of an early English folk-song character, and said to have a very thrilling effect. The duets suggest many of the exquisite ones found in Tristan and Isolde.

The composer was immediately engaged to write another opera for the Metropolitan, an honor never before bestowed on an American. The opera is now on a road tour with a distinguished caste, and has met everywhere with singular success. On the whole, the outcome of this wonderful first-attempt by Mr. Taylor is unprecedented in the annals of American opera.

Superiority Complex

A Chinese View

BY LING NYI VEE



BECAUSE the white people are white they say they are superior. And because a Chinese is yellow the white people in Mississippi feel that he ought not to go to schools where white children go. Superiority complex? Color-blindness?

The civilizations of China and India are far more matured than those of the Occident. John Earl Baker on his article "Why Chinese Business is Not Business," says that "only after the use of power-driven machinery became common, did western countries begin to forge ahead of China." Machinery brought in money to the westerner. And money is something to be considered. Therefore the westerner with his money says he is superior to the Oriental.

Once upon a time Japan closed its door against America until Commodore Perry forced it open. India was veiled in a mystery. China called herself the "celestial empire," and all the rest barbarians, and worshiped her emperor as the "Son of Heaven." They had their great days. They too had suffered this same strange disease—the superiority complex. Cured? Yes. By the strong iron hand of a man whose complexion is lighter, who is taller, and who can fight better. The struggle among races is no doubt grounded on force and conquest. The white man says, "I can fight, therefore I am superior."

But V. F. Calverton says that relative advance or retardation of peoples is a matter of environment and not of biological heritage. In this I am glad that the superiority complex is not inherited. The remedy, therefore, is not so hard. Change of environment might yet one day change all.

Another authority says "that almost every race and every individual possesses some gifts that make it or him exceptional. There is almost certain to be some direction in which an individual or a race may be greater service than in others. To seek or find that place is to be successful. To fill that place in an exceptional way is to be superior." It, therefore, behooves each white person to strive, forget color, money, or force, and cure himself of this most complicated of diseases—his superiority complex.

Imaginary Playmates

*"Binker—what I call him—is a secret of my own,
And Binker is the reason why I never feel alone.
Playing in the nursery, sitting on the stair,
Whatever I am busy at, Binker will be there."*

—A. A. MILNE



HERE was once a strange little child, whom none understood, who lived in a sort of a story-book way, communing with little friends who did not exist. At least they did not exist to the best of the knowledge and information of the child's well-meaning and most Victorian parents. That was two or three decades ago, and the poor child who lived in those un-illuminated, if not very dark, ages was made unhappy and considered abnormal, just because she unfortunately tried to share with her parents her imaginary playmate.

Today psychologists tell us that imaginary playmates are not the friends of only the unusual child, but are common to almost all childhood, except, perhaps, those little realists who grow up to be what Kenneth Grahame has called, Olympians.

Out of a class of fifty in Child Psychology, twenty-two admitted that they had imaginary playmates somewhere back in their childhood. Suppose their grandmother had admitted such a thing forty years ago!

These twenty-two Wesleyan students represent almost every type of girl. The casual thinker, if casual people think, might believe that those who are interested in imaginative writing, in creative work, would be the group most represented here. But that, in fact, is the smallest, for only three of the twenty-two have been actively interested in literary expression at Wesleyan. None have been outstanding in either of the other two so-called emotional arts, music and painting.

But there are seven who have estab-

lished a reputation for being good students, or at least lucky in the grades they get. Three have been very prominent in religious work.

Most remarkable of all! These twenty-two girls who would have been made to believe several generations ago that they were the quiet, queer, un-social, emotional type, show themselves more interested in that most social and most un-introspective of all activities—athletics. Exactly eleven of the group have been active in sports, making soccer and basketball teams, belonging to the Life Saving Corps, or occasionally even making varsity.

Indeed the student life of these twenty-two girls is proof enough that normal children have imaginary playmates.

However, these playmates almost invariably found their origin at times in their lives when other children were not near to play with them. Only one of those interviewed told of having many playmates during the years that the imaginary friend was most constant. It is often the case that the child lived in a neighborhood where children were scarce, or in a family where the nearest brothers and sisters were much older. The majority of them had regular playmates most of the time and called up the imaginary playmate only at night or when the friends of flesh-and-blood were at home.

The average age is from five or six up to eight, but some claimed to have had them at three while others confess that they are not exactly gone even now. The few who admit having them now say that they have changed from

an imaginary playmate into a sort of imagined ideal against which they measure themselves and their friends. There is no longer that feeling that the imagined friend is ample substitute for a real one.

Pamis was the friend of one of these girls in the days before she went to school. Pamis was a child who lived between the walls of the living room, and every morning it was the custom of the little girl to go into the room and call for Pamis in a very loud voice. The only other student who could remember the name of her imaginary playmate seemed to have chosen a still stranger title for her: Miss GooUrvy, a grown-up trained nurse, was her imaginary friend, and she and Miss GooUrvy would walk down the street in front of her parents, talking silently together.

One little girl had a teddy bear, a real one made of furry brown cloth, which she loved very much, and would sleep with every night. When she lost the real teddy bear and could not find it, she imagined it back again apparantly to her entire satisfaction. And though her family laughed at her and entertained themselves at her expense, she clung to her imaginary "Teddy" for nearly a year.

The little sister of the student who had Miss GooUrvy had a little imagined girl of her own who called her mother, and who had to be considered quite as maternally as her dolls. Another chose to imagine a little sister who was forever getting in the way of all the grown-ups in the house. "Don't sit in that chair," the real little girl would scream as her mother started to sit down. "Oh! you sat on my little sister!" Or at other times she would say reproachfully, "Why Auntie! You closed the door on my little sister's finger." One day a real little sister came to the child, and the imaginary playmate came no more to be sat upon and have her fingers mashed by parents and aunts.

Far away on a farm in Montana one little girl lived, and there were un-

fortunately no children living anywhere near her. One little imaginary friend was not enough for this lonesome child, and so she had two, one, a girl and named Mary, the other a boy named Comrade. Comrade did not play a very important part in her life, for she can remember him only as sitting on the opposite end of her see-saw, but Mary was a real friend who had to be treated as company. The little girl had a little red straight chair and a little red rocker, and whenever Mary came to see her, she would always try to be nice and give the rocker to her guest. Mary was a convenient friend, for the little girl would often take candy from her father's store "for Mary." She would often puzzle her father by saying, "My friends took that candy," for the father knew that there was not another child living within miles of their place.

Two cases were told by members of the group of little girls they had known, both of whom had imaginary husbands. One of the little girls had an entirely imaginary husband at the age of three, and by the time she was four she had built up a series of associations for him. She could even point out to her astonished parents the house on Peach-tree street where he lived. When he disappeared once for a few weeks the little girl's father enquired about him. "Oh, he's in jail for fightin' with me," she replied. The father and mother bent all their efforts toward getting rid of the imaginary husband after that, for he seemed to be a reflection on their family home life!

The other little child with an imaginary husband chose to be a bit ironic. She carried a nail around with her all the time, calling it fondly her husband! It is an interesting and unsolved question whether or not the girl still has such an exalted opinion of the attributes of men!

These are isolated and interesting cases, and there are others equally as strange. But taking them as a whole there is a great kinship between imagin-

any playmates. They must all have the same common ancestor, just as we real mortals claim poor old Adam.

We are glad that these little playmates who have meant so much to lonely children since childhood first began have finally been accepted in the coveted realm of Normality by this Olympian world. And we are thankful to that first psychologist, whoever he may be, who took the trouble to investigate his pedigree.

There is something so constant about their friendship. They are the friends who come to use when we are six-years-old-and-alone-in-the-dark. When rainy days keep other friends behind their cwn wet window panes, when school

takes away brothers and sisters, and when mother and fathers are too busy to be bothered, the imaginary playmate comes and whisks us away to a Neverland. And it is there, perhaps, that we learn the art of coloring with our imaginations the spots of our lives which circumstances makes drab.

Christopher Robin says:

"Well I'm very fond of Daddy, but he hasn't time to play,
And I'm very fond of Mummy, but she sometimes goes away,
And I'm often cross with Nanny when she wants to brush my hair . . .
But Binker's always Binker, and is certain to be there."



The Marble Stair

BY LILLIAN SHEAROUSE



WHEN the tide is unusually high, the ever-moving, ever-changing edge of the sea creeps up to the sandhills, and washes it clear of heavy white sand. Then, for months, the breakers do not touch it, and the southeast winds, sweeping across the dunes, cover it with sand again.

When it is bare, and glistens white and dry in the morning sunlight, a child, wandering far from the pavilions with his nurse, sometimes sits upon it with his bare feet in the sand, and creates hills and castles at its edge.

Or, a youth and a maid, strolling arm in arm at sunset, behold it glowing dully at the end of the path of gold that seems to lead from its base on the wide beach, across the glowing water to the sun, lingering at the sea's rim.

It is a marble step.

Above it, under the dune, one can feel, if he will kneel and dig in the sand, another, and another. There may be still others buried deeper beneath the hills.

Few of the people, vacationists or natives, who walk that far down the beach notice the white step when it is uncovered. And few stop to wonder at it—a single marble step at the edge of the ocean, where the dunes begin, lying as if it led from the threshold of the land into the chamber of the sea, blue-vaulted, with miles of beach to the north, and miles of beach to the south.

Long before the building of the great pavilions, a mile to the south, and the establishment of the resort at the inlet, —a little after the erection of the light-house, overlooking the sound,—Howard Devereau walked with his brother, Hamilton, and planned the building of a house for his wife, who was to arrive, at its completion from England.

He described to his brother, the architect, the kind of facade he desired,

to be built to the sea; the ramparted tower to the south, the sloping roof of a wing to the port, the hanging balcony, the sheltered windows.

"And you are going to call this a house?" his brother exclaimed. "Why, with these plans, and the scale you've given me, Hamilton, it will be a veritable castle!"

"Well—call it a castle," the other replied, musingly.

"But, Lord, Howard, you don't want a thing like that put up on this forsaken section of beach, separated from the world by miles of marsh, and to be reached only by water!"

"I want to build it, and I want to build it here."

"Oh, of course. But it's going to take hundreds of dollars just for transportation, and a long time to—"

"How long, at most?"

"Oh, at least a year and a half—perhaps more."

"That is not bad. I have everything ordered to be shipped to the inlet, but the marble—"

"Marble?"

"For the stair, the central stair. I have not ordered it yet. Moncrief is to help me select it."

"Do you mean that you're going to have that stair of marble? Marble?" Hamilton stopped perfectly still to stare incredulously at his brother.

"Certainly, Hamilton. Why not? I have told you that it is not a question of expense. It is her wish. Build it over the dunes?" Hamilton saw that he had gone too far. His brother spoke feverishly. "If it could be built over the sea and she desired it so, there it should stand! A marble stair and a door to the sea,—those were her only requests." He grew reminiscent, the frown of impatience fading from his beautifully moulded features, as he turned to look across the water and, as

it seemed to Hamilton, toward Edith in England.

"Hamilton," his brother went on, ignoring the wonder in the eyes of his observer, "some people will call me a fool for this—I know that. But it is nothing. It is little to give a woman to leave her home and her country. And such a woman." He paused. "Hamilton, she wants it here. Why not? She has lived on a beach like this all her life, with her father. It will not be very inconvenient to reach the port after the railroad is extended over the marsh. That will not be long."

"No, that's true. I was talking to Morgansen the other day about it. Well—"

Well, to go on. The marble—"

* * * * *

And the daughter. Lois, Howard's daughter. He had seen little of her in every way. She was but three when Edith wrote her husband that she was leaving England for her new home.

Howard was overjoyed as he watched the final touches being put to the miniature English castle. Miniature though it was called, it loomed tall and gray and battlemented above the dunes. Red and white oleanders rose against the base of the stone walls from the white dune-sand. At the first tide of the day great, purple-edged sea-morning-glories starred the carpet of vines below the steps.

There was no fence, no wall, other than a small enclosed court on the light-house side. Everywhere the tall sea-grass leaned and whispered in the wind. A single dwarfed oak, which Howard had attempted to transplant from its fellows farther inland, struggled in the heavy sand to raise its wind-battered, blackened branches.

Within, at the center of a vast, high-ceiled hall, its base on a line with the great doors which opened on the sea, the marble stair rose from the shining marble floor, cold, smooth, white, and exceedingly high, unbroken until the graceful balustrade turned with a bal-

cony-like landing, far, far up against the arched wall.

Howard loved to stand and look at it, picturing Edith as she stood on her father's stair, lingering as she came down to him.

"She will like it—she will admire this stair," he told himself.

The day for Edith's arrival came, and he waited with Hamilton at the docks in the city.

He had had no idea of disaster. He had never dreamed of delay, and it was hard for him to wait two, three days—a week, when her ship was reported late. After a week, when no word had been received from the ship, he cabled her father, Henry Armour. The answer struck the first idea of disaster into his heart.

Henry Armour was dead. His daughter had sailed aboard the "Marquise" to join her husband in America, almost a month ago. Howard brooded over her added suffering at this delay.

Then news of the wreck of the "Marquise" came, bare of information, maddening in its failure to name the survivors, who were being taken back to London by a passing freighter.

Howard did not wait to hear more, but colsed up the castle and took ship for the same city.

Hamilton met him a year later, recognizing with difficulty the young and hopeful brother with whom he had parted. Howard had written Hamilton of the loss of his wife at sea, and his inability to trace his little daughter, whose name had not been on the list of the missing, but a thousand such letters could not have affected Hamilton like the change in the man who returned.

Howard knew few people in England, but his search for Lois had been none the less exhaustive. No one knew what had become of the small girl who had returned without her mother on the rescuing tramp-steamer.

Howard, moodily resumed his work in the city. He did not go to the castle on

Upon the extension of the shuttle-beach. In spite of his brother's efforts to call his attention to it, he never spoke of it. So it stood there tenantless, looking over the sea, forgotten by all save Hamilton, who occasionally boarded the little shuttle-train and rode across the marshes to open the great, rusty-hinged doors, and shudder at the sound of his footsteps in the high-vaulted hall and on the marble steps.

"A woman's whim!" he would mutter, as he turned the key in the lock, and crossing the sand-covered floor of the vestibule, shook off the loneliness of the still, beautiful house.

* * * * *

Upon the extension of the shuttle train, the first pavilions were built near the inlet on the beach. As the settlement grew with them, the shuttle became a daily passenger train.

Howard, unable to be drawn out of himself by his brother, into normal routine and social atmosphere, brooded in his office above the harbor, and no one knew his thoughts. Morose, slightly gray, he dressed as fastidiously as in the days when he used to cross and recross the Atlantic, so happy, so reckless of care and cost. Still assiduous and energetic among his business associates, he had apparently dropped from his broad, straight shoulders the cloak of his former bravado and boyishness.

Then his brother went to England.

His health began to fail. Though scarcely forty, he was ordered by his physician to indefinite retirement from business. He stayed half a year in his apartments, maddened with restlessness, and still averse to all companionship save that afforded by books, business, and Hamilton's frequent letters.

At last—change of climate. He chose it in preference to an attempt at social diversion, both of which were the suggestions of his physician.

"I say, I'm not that much of an invalid, Warren. How about change of residence instead of climate? A little trip north, and a few years down here

on the beach, where I can be near the city. I want to keep an eye on the harbor office, you know."

"Oh, don't worry about that, Devereau—they'll take you back up there when you're ready to go, I'm sure. But what's this about change of residence? You're not thinking of living by yourself in that gray castle in the surf?"

"Why, I should think it would be an ideal place for a temporary change. Since the beach down there has been transformed into a resort, I've had several offers for the place. How about it? Shall I go to New York in the spring and then try a summer in the castle?"

The physician assented.

And the miracle happened. Howard was about to leave for the beach, directly after his return from New York, when Hamilton cabled. The five words were almost the death of Howard—not from happiness—before happiness came the shock. Hamilton cabled:

"I have found your daughter."

Howard suffered mentally. He had thought her dead, and it was like resurrection. She had been his daughter and instead of indulging in abandoned happiness, he found himself stirred almost to madness with a fear of meeting her, anticipation of how strange they would be to each other, and above all, beholding the ghost of Edith. At first distraught and hysterical, he suddenly regained control of himself, cabled Hamilton to come at once with Lois, had the castle renovated—again with a thought of the girl's resemblance to her mother—and waited tensely and quietly beside the sea for the ship.

The ship came. It arrived safely, but when it was reported one mile out in the sound, Howard lost complete control of his nerves, and Dr. Warren, afraid to let him meet it at the port, restrained him at the castle until Hamilton should bring his daughter on from the city.

So Howard stood at the window over the board-walk and looked across the dunes,

He saw her coming down the walk with Hamilton—he saw his wife again. Whereas he had thought to run and cry, he stood transfixed and mute. How—why she had returned, he did not know. He knew only that his daughter, as strange to him in her likeness to the lost Edith, as one returning from the bounds of death, came now across the dunes to him, to him and the castle by the sea.

Yet he could not move. Warren ran and met them at the doors, open on the sea.

Howard heard their gay voices, their quick footsteps. He saw them run in. He saw the girl stop as her eyes fell upon him, he heard her catch her breath, he heard her cry, "Father!"—and tried to run toward her. He could not move. He was suffocating. Warren strode to him and seized his arm, speaking to him. He moved. He spoke:

"Lois—"

He seized her shoulders and looked into her face. Then the merciless tension released him, and he drew her to him and comforted her as she wept.

Until the sun was low over the waters, its light streaming through the doors to flood the steps and floor with gold crimson, and to ripple on the panelled walls, Hamilton and Warren could not part them—did not attempt to.

Then Hamilton went to his brother. "Howard, she is tired. She has not rested since—"

"Oh, I am not tired, Hamilton! I am too happy to be tired!" Lois cried. Her voice was as light and as high as a child's, her eyes shone in her small white face, her hair glowed around it like a circle of the sun's gold.

But Howard spoke to her. "You do not think you are, dear—because you are excited. But I must let you rest a while. Then we shall all go to the hotel for dinner. Come, I'll show you your room. It's to the east—see the balcony? It is full of sunset for you!"

They walked together up the marble stairs. He came down alone.

He would not rest. He dragged Hamilton to the beach, and stood there beside him, looking at the sea, listening to it, and saying nothing.

"I can't understand you, Howard. You are the same old sphinx. Why don't you ask me. Instead of this raving about her resemblance to her mother, how I found her, and where? I've tried to tell you, but—"

"Hush!" Howard turned to him almost rudely. "You've not found her. I've told you that's not Lois!"

Hamilton hesitated, his face flushed in quick anger, then cleared. He staggered back, his eyes wide with dismay.

"Howard!"

His brother resumed his gaze at the sea, as if unconscious that he had made any movement.

"Howard,—" the other gasped, recovering to seize his arm and stare into his face. Howard turned to him again, the harshness gone, a wild unnatural light in his eyes.

"It's not Lois," he said. "It's Edith—her image. She's the ghost of Edith. And it can't last long. I feel it."

"Why, it is Lois, you fool! What do you mean?"

"No—no," turning to the ocean again. "I'm neither mad nor dreaming. It's not Lois."

Hamilton grew impatient. "Howard, you're acting like a child. Is this the way to receive your daughter, whom you haven't seen in fifteen years? I'll admit she's like her mother, but didn't you expect her to be?"

"That's it. She's too much like her mother. She is her mother. Oh,—"

He turned suddenly to Hamilton.

"Hamilton, Hamilton, you don't understand! I can't bear this, Hamilton, if it only were she—Edith! If she were not so much like her!"

Hamilton could not answer, in sudden anguish for him. He followed him back toward the castle. Halfway to the door, Howard stopped him.

"Hamilton, I tell you, it is as if she were a ghost. I feel that she might have

gone even by this time—I feel as if I cannot keep her, Hamilton. I'll go mad!" He began running to the steps. "I'll call her at once."

"Howard, Howard—"

He turned quickly and ran through the doors to the foot of the stairs.

"I must call her now," he said hoarsely.

"Lois! Lois!"

His voice rang loudly through the great, sunlit hall. Hamilton, standing at his shoulder, saw him trembling. He stood straight and determined in his madness, and glorious to look upon, but he trembled from head to foot.

"I'm coming! I'm coming, father!"

It was as if a silver ball had pealed from the tower, so high, so sweet, so light a tone. It rang echoing and fairy-like from the high, balcony-like landing, far, far up against the arched wall.

Her footsteps came pattering down the lofty corridor. Ah, she is upon the landing. She flutters, as light as a leaf, halfway across the landing. She stops. She sees them below, and smiles.

"I'm coming!"

She moves across the landing, and now she stands, like Edith on her father's stair, at the head of the flight. She starts to run down. God—she has slipped on the marble! She falls!

Before they can breathe again, she

falls. She falls the length of the marble stair—and nothing can stop her. She falls, a fluttering bit of white, and lies motionless at their feet, a white scarf over her face, her clothes wound about her. There is blood on the steps.

* * * * *

Many tides have risen and fallen since the stains were washed from the castle steps, and the castle doors were closed. No human hand, not even that of Hamilton, who could not bear to visit the place after his brother's death, ever opened them thereafter.

One night the wind, from the north-east, as though angered at the secret they seemed to close upon, drove the breakers up to their very steps and tore them rudely open.

Then wall from wall they ripped; they dashed the tower to fragments;—windows, balconies, and stairs, they strew in chaos.

Of the debris, some they gave to the sea, and it was swallowed up; some they buried under many feet of new-made dunes; and some men gathered from the waste of storm-changed beach, and dragged away.

But when the tide is high, the breakers bare the marble step, and children play upon it in the sunlight.



*"Perhaps there are no fairy folk—
And yet, how can I know?
My lawn is gemmed with crocus cups
Where yesterday was snow."*

In Defense of Fairies



AM not afraid to say it: I believe in fairies!

There was a time when anyone past the age of ten who dared affirm a faith in fairies would be scoffed and ridiculed. But that was the time when Realism, spelled with capitals and standing for only those things which the eye could see, was new and domineering. Now realism is losing its pomp and capitals and is allowing the quiet fancy, child of a dream, to take her place again as delight to the imaginative and companion to the lonely.

Just as scientists find that there are bird-notes too high and fine to be heard through the coarse organism of our human ear, so must there surely be some creatures too light and fair to be caught by our slow and blundering vision. Any child can tell you that many times she almost saw a fairy, but just as she turned her head it disappeared! That is solution: Some of us are too slow and heavy, and the fairies are gone even before we can feel their presence, while some blest few can catch a vision now and then of the fleeting wings or feel the touch of their trailing gossamer as they slip away at



our approach.

We cannot say fairies are this or fairies are that, for they are far too quick and too intangible to catch and classify in our mortal categories. And I would make no effort to convince a single skeptic that fairies are creatures of flesh-and-blood. I can see even now their wry smiles!

* * *

There was a child who lay with the dark all around him, alone and afraid in the night. No matter how many sheep he counted, he could not go to sleep. And though he closed his eyes so tight that they hurt, he could not forget the dreadful dark. Just as he counted the hundred and fifteenth sheep and was beginning to wonder if

day would ever come, a soft light flickered on the window ledge and a little tinkling bell announced a visitor. The dark was gone, for the fairy playmate waved the tiny light and all things fearful fled. And with the comforting touch of the fairy hand upon his eyelids the child went silently to sleep.

A lonely man who found no friendly smile in all the great city of London sought the Kensington gardens and stayed behind after Lock-Out-Time.

But the fairies came out in gayest numbers and danced around him, and showed him a tiny house which they had built for lost and lonely mortals. Among the crowded city streets, and out in the hills and waste places wherever there is mortal loneliness these fairies come to lend their companionship to those whom mortals in their haste neglect.

* * *

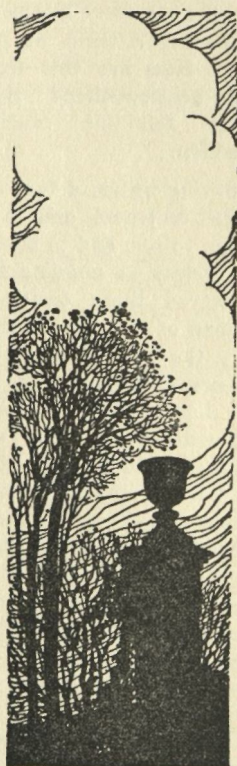
With peach trees in bloom and the wisteria hanging low upon our arbors, and while the young green grass and tender leaves shine in the warm light of the spring sun, there is no need to say in words prosaic, "There are fairies." For those whose eyes are trained a little closer and whose youth has left its glowing traces there is a fairy sitting in each tulip cup and swinging with each lavender wisteria.

Twilights

BY CLIFFORD WILKINSON

*Crystalline skies
Black bats
A world full of echoes
A star
A cottage
A full moon rising
A few minutes of twilight—
Then darkness.*

*Weary shoulders
Tired brown eyes
More dreaming
Less talking
Sadder laughter
Truer love
Long days of twilight
Then death.*



"In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love—"

But

"In the Spring a maiden's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of clothes."

The World on Her Back

BY ELIZABETH WILDE



TLAS of old supported the world on his shoulders, with great difficulty. Today, the slimmest debutante smilingly carries on her back a great city, nor does this seem to inconvenience her in the least. Instead, it gives her a thrill of pleasure. How has this wonder been accomplished? By the great feminine magician, Fashion.

Spring brings a feeling of unrest, the desire to travel, and to find new things to do, to see, and to wear. Designers of the prints so popular this season have answered these desires, both for the woman of means, and she who possesses only the gift of originality and clever fingers, or a good dress-maker. A great silk house features a series of fabrics gay with scenes from "the play grounds of the world." She, who cannot afford to travel, may gratify her feeling of "wanderlust" by wearing a frock patterned in a characteristic scene from Bermuda, the Riviera, Palm Beach, Havana, Newport, Catalina Islands, or the gardens of the Tuileries. The lady who can and does visit these scenes of enchantment welcomes these prints as something new indeed. Mademoiselle who studies the psychology of dress may have her perfect background at last, whether she find herself at home among the dreams of famous French beauties in the Tuileries, or in the very Spanish setting of Havana.

The colors, too, are all that the bright spirit of spring could ask, or milady's own type of coloring demand. Such



sky-tints as there are! Havana lifts white towers against a golden sky, above the sea. The Palm Beach skies are a cerise background for a yellow sun, half obscured by a blue and purple palm tree. Catalina's skies are sunburned, behind the jade green island, and snowy sail boats glide over the waters, which are an exact reflection of the

orange sky. Newport offers another palm tree, black and mauve this time, green foliage, an orchid horizon partly hiding the setting sun, while a rainbow of Japanese lanterns sway against the peacock sky. Bermuda seems restful after active Catalina and vivid Newport, for this pattern offers a cherry-colored parasol on the pale sands with a faintly Nile green sky behind for contrast, and a wide-winged gull wheeling above an ocean of deep restful blue before. The lady in the bathing suit, reclining under the parasol is you, of course.

Slightly more common-place, but still unusual, is the bolt of pique where tiny men in blue or red polo suits are starred. Cherries grow on many fabrics, and there are horticultural exhibits in any color you may choose everywhere.

To advance a step further in the psychology line, this spring offers the gratification of your pet complex. Rail no more at the restrictions of convention, but flaunt a robe in "Sioux War-Bonnet" pattern with fashion's full approval, its plumes of valor gracefully sprayed against a gray background. If you prefer their tribe, the pattern known as "Blackfoot Sun-Dance" offers

vast possibilities for matching with the most remarkable case of desert tan Indian ever secured. But alas for the lady of shy and retiring disposition, who has no great desire to travel, is slightly afraid of such intimate contact with Indians, and shrinks from revealing to the world her heart's desires by wearing a dress printed boldly in a pattern of four inch men. Hibernation for the rest of this season would seem to be her only recourse.

Even the children have gone in strongly for amazing designs, with the result that lawn for little sister's summer dresses is bravely adorned with a whole three-ring circus!

These are only a few of the patterns suggestive of personal delights being featured this season. If your own particular type and complex is not represented in this list, just visit the shops and you'll surely find it revealed in glowing colors.

Why Did You Then?

BY DOROTHY MCKAY

*Why did you love me then?
I was too young to know my heart
Or know, or understand
Your worth—
Life was too new, too sparkling, too untired.
You do not ask me now—
Why did you ask me then?*

The Eric-Doris Divorce

BY MAUDE McGEHEE



ERIC HOWARD shut the library door behind him, threw his hat and gloves on the table, and rested his head in his hands. There, after three years he had run across her and he had to go through with it all again. He idly watched the play of the flames in the grate. Why couldn't he forget her? She had come as a ray of sunlight across his path—the path from which he wanted her banished now. He got up and walked aimlessly about the room. Opening a drawer of the desk, he took out some papers. "Decree of Divorce," he read. Three years and Doris was still—.

"Coffee, sir?" the butler interrupted his meditations.

"Yes. Make it strong, Gibbons," he replied mechanically, rereading the papers in his hand. Perhaps the coffee would quiet his mind. He sat down again and gazed into the fire with a wistful look on his face.

In the dainty pink room she had called her own since before she had married, Doris looked eagerly at the older sister who had taken a mother's place in her life.

"But I tell you it was Eric, Lucy!" she cried, "Right there, so close I could have touched him."

"Eric never dressed that well, even in his courting days, Doris. You must have been mistaken."

"No. It was Eric. I know the way his hair curls up in a little twist over his left eye," her voice softened. "He looked at me several times, too, as if he wanted to speak and yet was too proud." She twisted her hands in her lap.

"Eric would surely have spoken," Lucy suggested.

Doris shook her head.

"No—not now. I said some pretty hard things to Eric the last time I saw him. Things that even he couldn't forgive or forget."

"Why bother about him? You divorced him three years ago."

"But I still love him," Doris looked out of the window into the moonlit garden where a riot of spring flowers sent their perfume up to her window.

Lucy rose and gathered her negligee about her. She had learned to say no more when Doris made that statement. It was the one thing Lucy could not understand—how Doris could love Eric Howard and yet divorce him and never see him. She went out and closed the door.

Morning found Doris walking with her father in the garden. It was a custom they had begun when Doris was a child and never omitted when she was at home. Somehow it brought them closer together—the dew laden flowers about them and the warm sun on them.

"Lucy told me you saw Eric last night at the theater," her father remarked, watching her closely.

"Yes," her cheeks flushed.

"Doris—I can't quite understand about you and Eric," he patted her shoulder awkwardly.

"There is nothing to understand, Daddy. It is all over, I guess."

"But you seem—," he paused.

"To love him yet?" she smiled sadly at him. "I do. I'm afraid I have made an awful mess of our lives—mostly mine."

"Then, why did you divorce him?" he stopped in the shade of a peach tree, "They say love can always find a way—."

"That is just what I was trying to do," she nodded, "trying to find a way. You see, Daddy, Eric wouldn't try to be any thing. Of course his family was all right and he had a wonderful education and plenty of looks, but after we were married he didn't want to do any thing. He had no more ambition than a mouse."

"Well?"

"I mean he had marvelous opportunities as an architect but he was too lazy to take them. He had rather fish or hunt. We got into debt. I was willing to help him, I could work, but no! Things got worse. He wouldn't accept any invitations, just had the idea that we could be hermit nobodies and be perfectly happy with a pile of debts hanging over us. He was just impossible. So I packed up and told him that I was leaving."

"But—."

"I was so mad, I told him some awful things. I told him he was trying to be a failure when he was right on the brink of success—that he would never be anybody—that he would never be worth anything, either financially or worthy anything, either financially or socially—things like that."

"Yet you still love him?" her father smiled incredulously.

"But, Daddy, I did all that as a challenge to Eric. I had tried all the arts I knew, pleading, begging, coaxing, threatening, without even ruffling his good humor. I had to make his furious. I had to challenge him or he would drift away from the success before him. So I thought a divorce was the only way left."

Her father nodded.

"He certainly has made a success, Doris, a glorious one."

"And he has forgotten me, Daddy. I had hoped—" her voice trailed off.

"Hoped what, daughter?" the man looked at her kindly.

"Hoped he would not forget to—to care. Perhaps I was selfish to think he would love me through it all."

"Things may turn out all right, yet. Did he speak to you last night?"

"No."

"You were with—?"

"Captain Davidson."

"Eric always hated Ralph Davidson, too, because he wanted to marry you, Doris. But it is nearly nine and I must be going to the office. I wouldn't worry

about all of this. Unexpected things often happen."

Doris lingered in the garden. Why was she doomed to love Eric Howard, even after divorce?

Working with his architectural plans all about him, his hair tousled, his collar open, his sleeves rolled up, Eric would not have been recognized as the immaculate young man in evening clothes at the theater the night before. Work kept him from thinking about things, so Eric worked. How could he keep his wits if he was continually thinking of Doris? It was Doris planting flowers in their small garden, or Doris beautiful in her filmy veil and white satin wedding dress, or Doris pouring coffee across the table, or Doris perched upon the arm of his chair rumpling his hair. How could he forget her? She had said he would never amount to anything—never be a success, and he had shown her, but somehow his success was flat without her. And last night she had been with Ralph Davidson. Eric dug his pencil into the paper and growled:

"Damn!"

Days passed and about two weeks after the encounter at the theater, Eric opened an invitation to a ball at the embassy. His first thought was to throw the thing into the trash basket and refuse. Somehow he dreaded going out. If Doris had come back from Holland, where she had gone right after the divorce, all their affair would be rehashed by everyone who knew of it. Not that he cared about himself, it would injure his work and it would never do to lose out just as she returned. Then she would surely believe she had been right to say he would never amount to anything. So he gave Gibbons directions about his clothes with a feeling of pent up excitement. Perhaps it wasn't Doris he had seen. He dismissed the idea with a curl of his lip. Certainly it was. Who else but Doris would Ralph Davidson be hanging over so adoringly? Who else but Doris

could be going to the theater in company with the Parnells? Who else but Doris could look so lovely—? He got up impatiently. Would he never stop thinking of her?

Doris, too, received an invitation to the embassy ball. But she did not hesitate in accepting. Eric might be there, so Doris would go.

Taxicabs and limousines emptied their occupants at the embassy building. The old house was ablaze with lights. Music filled the cool spring night. Captain Davidson helped Doris out of the car and wrapped her cloak around her. Together, they entered the house. As they bowed to friends here and there, Ralph Davidson's heart sang. Ever since she had received her divorce from Eric Howard, he had determined to marry Doris. Tonight he had made up his mind he would settle the matter by asking her.

Dancers swayed to the crooning of the violins. Eric stood beneath some palms and watched them with listless eyes. He danced several times, but gave way when cut in on with ill-concealed relief. At last he saw her dancing with Davidson. He straightened up with an idea. Did he dare break on them? He put the idea away and walked out on a balcony. It was almost midnight and the revelry was at its height. The ball room was crowded. The music wailed and crooned. Then amidst it all came the awful cry of:

"Fire! Fire! The whole upper story is afire! Run for your lives!"

Women shrieked. There was a mad rush for the doors. People pushed and shoved. Smoke began to fill the room. Eric stood beneath the palms and surveyed the seething mass and the smoke with dazed eyes. Somehow he felt apart from all of it. His eyes smarting with smoke brought him to the realization that he must escape. He looked about. To the left of him was a staircase. Eric ran to it, but smoke pushed him back. Yet he returned and looking down at it, his eyes opened with hor-

ror. There, lying on the landing within ten feet of the flames was a woman. He raced down and dragged her to the balcony. In making ready to go down the ladder that had been put there for him, the cloak fell from around her and Eric found he held Doris in his arms.

Lucy had been the least surprised of the household when Eric had brought Doris in from the fire. Not until her father asked about Captain Davidson, did anyone think of how Doris had gone to the hall. Nor did Eric leave her side until she had opened her eyes and smiled at him a bit uncertainly. She had rushed out with Davidson when someone had cried fire. They had been in the middle of the crowd. It was stifling hot and she had become dizzy. Just then he had let go of her arm and she had fallen. That was the last she knew, she said.

He sat there and looked at her. Somewhere in the house a clock struck two, but neither of them moved. At last, Eric put out a hand and took hers—the hand that still wore his wedding ring.

"Doris," he said slowly, "can't we try it again? Maybe I wouldn't make such a mess of it all this time."

Lucy looked at her father, and together they slipped out of the room and closed the door.

"I am afraid I couldn't be any help, Eric."

"You have been help enough, dear. If you hadn't blown me up and left, I probably would have been in the same old rut. As it is, I have made a name for both of us."

Doris looked at him and, although his face was smoked, his collar awry, and his tie gone, he looked like a small boy begging to be forgiven for some fault.

"And you are sure you want me?" she asked falteringly.

Eric put both arms around her.

"I love you better than anything in all the world, Doris," he said softly.

Only Captain Davidson read with dismay of the second marriage of Eric and

Doris. And strange to say, both of them had quite forgotten him.

"There is one thing I want you to do, Doris," Eric remarked when they had come home.

"What is it?" she perched on the arm of his chair and ran her fingers through his hair.

"Burn these up," he handed her some papers.

"Decree of Divorce," she read aloud, "Why Eric—."

"Burn them up," he repeated, his eyes twinkling, "they have polluted my house long enough."



Memory

By LING NYI VEE

*The night is full of noises and sounds
Though the shadows fall deep,
I keep listening, listening
While the others sleep.*

*The night brings back wonderous memories
And the echoes from across the sea—
Echoes of life, deep, abundant
Disturbed, perplexed, and free.*

*The night is full of prayers for me.
It is my haven of rest
For I hear songs, and feel the thoughts
From hearts that love me best.*

*The night is a beautiful garden
Where orioles flash across the blue
Where water lilies under the bamboo bridge
Bloom with the dawn and the dew.*

*"While you sleep I am keeping watch"
Come whispers from above,
Whispers from Nature, Life, and Home,
Whispers from the land I love.*

Children of the Wesleyan Faculty

BY WINNIFRED JONES



HE children of the Wesleyan faculty pass through a hard and fast cycle of three stages, set by their predecessors as an unchanging process to be endured. In the first place, there's the mascot age. Many a little mascot probably owes his success to the incessant drilling of his anxious mother on the answers to such questions as: "Which team do you want to win the game?" "Which class do you love the best?" and on and on through an endless catechism. But he really seems to enjoy his mascotship and the games, for he bravely upholds the banner of his class, fighting and arguing with the opposing clans in an admirable manner.

To this stage belong two of the faculty children. Freddie, the son of Dr. Frederick Wood, is publicity shy. In his bright Indian suit, splotted with beads of damp sand, he walked round and round in a circle, occasionally exploding in horrible "war-whoops," he explained, until he flopped, exhausted, down upon the sand again. Vigorously brandishing his red train engine in the air, he noisily refused to endorse any of the Wesley-Annes, "Except," he confidentially added, "the Tri Ks." Albert Jelks is the other little chap who has recently entered the realms of "Mascotdom," and he is quite proud of his conservatory. Though he rambles on and on with energetic, little blurts about kindergarten, when you finally hedge him off in all directions and bring him back to his subject again, he merely repeats his first statement, "I like Conservatory girls best of all."

Even if a child manages to skillfully elude this primary stage, he's sure to fall heir to the second—the period



during which he suffers from innumerable Child Psychology experiments. Besides being tortured in classes and labs, he's not even free on the campus. He can usually tell a psychology student by such queries as, "What stimulated you to howl so vigorously just then?" to anyone of the children who ride up and down in the elevator and wail miserably each time it

stops a second too long.

The faculty children at this age must be an even greater care to their parents. Three of our present "younger set" laugh heartily over the time when one of their deadly triumvirate, at the age of seven, unannounced and unexpected, prissed up to the front of the Wesleyan dining hall and announced,

"Down where green trees wave in the shade,

There Billy Quillian will sell lemonade."

And thus boosted trade for their play store. They fail to mention the parental interference that evidently followed.

Several times, this same trio gave a play in the chapel on Saturday night. As often as Saturday came, they fussed over who would be the wolf in "Red Riding Hood," for they included only this one play in their repertoire. They usually charged three cents admittance, but once or twice they daringly forced their victims to pay a nickel. But, these three have grown out of this embarrassing age and are entering that last—the Wesleyan age—when the girl becomes a Wesley-Anne, and the boy a Wesleyan suitor. It's hard to imagine our Billy Quillian as the chubby, little mascot of not so long ago and Marion Dean Johnson and Christine as the two

who used to make not only a daily list of girls who got boxes but a daily call to them as well.

Besides Marion Dean, a sophisticated sophomore, Jennie Green is a Wesley-Anne and a junior at that. We also hope to include Christine Quillian and Maidee Smith in our list in a few more years. Rosser Smith, son of Mr. Leon P. Smith, is a student at Emory, but he manages, as have all of Mr. Smith's sons in the past, to call quite frequently in the Wesleyan parlors.

There are quite a few faculty children who are not campus children and we just catch fleeting glimpses of Suelle and Adaree McKellar, the daughters of Mr. I. E. McKellar, at the Artist Series, and of Ruth Wolf, a new

addition to the college children, in the library. And there are some we haven't even seen, though we've heard of Miss Harrelson's four—J. E. B. junior, John, David, and Mary Ethel—and of wee Betty Jane Daniels, who has just made her arrival on the historic date of February 22. The Conservatory is an interesting and as diversified as the college group. They vary in age from Joseph Maerz and Frances Ogden down to Herbert Kraft junior, who is only a few months old. Paul Maerz and Herbert Ogden are the "middle-aged" representatives.

All in all, don't you think that Wesleyan has a most interesting set of college children?

Where Moon Nymphs Lie

BY DOROTHY M. MCKAY

*You spun me a sieve of silver skein
To catch me moonbeams fair.
But my sieve was warped in the April rain,
No moon nymph nestled there.*

*Through forests dark I followed light,
Till morning kissed the skies,
Then weary turned, there safe and bright
Shone my moonbeam in your eyes.*

A L U M N A E

The Third Wish

BY ELIZABETH PECK, '26



HINK hard before making that last wish. It is much too important to waste on just anything. Don't let the Good Fairy get away without leaving you some permanent source of happiness and inspiration and the assurance that she and her light hearted, starry winged companions will always be within calling distance. Now while she dances before you, imagine how terrible it would be to get so old or crabbed or absorbed in living that you could not find the fairies—or even the elves and gnomes. Make them stay! Choose a troop of Girl Scouts!

No danger of losing contact with youth and the varied and joyous interests of youth while you are working and playing with, teaching and being taught by, such a group. Through their eyes, seeing so much of God's world and seeing it for the first time, commonplace beauty is commonplace no more. The wonder of discovering when gazing up some night that there are blue stars and red stars, and the amazing news that stars rise in the east and set in the west all in one night. The surprise on finding that trees can be distinguished when their leaves are off, and the joy in recognizing a new forest friend for the first time. The smell of myrtle, the feel of sweet bark, the twinkling of poplar leaves in the wind. If it is true, as I believe it is, that fairies show themselves to those who love and appreciate beauty in simple things, then these girls

will find them. The little (very little) girl with shining eyes and such a tender voice, who exhibited an old pine cone, and pointing into its depths said, "Oh, look! See where a little cocoon has built his nest," had enough enthusiasm to share with several blinded adults who saw merely traces of some worthless larva.

I have thought several times that I saw psychological fairies, and once I could have sworn that I even saw a social-psychological fairy, who had a quiet, pleased expression on her friendly face as she watched a young patrol leader struggling with a group of girls, trying to plan and arrange a hike. There were a few suggestions, because the idea of distribution of duties and responsibilities was entirely new to her, but the success that finally came was her own, and the plan as original as if it had never been tried or thought of before. She thought it out for herself, and followed it through successfully. The things that they think about and learn, the interests they have—and every subject known to man is included, it seems—are exciting adventures, and the minds that carry them on as swift and joyous as a full-sailed schooner skimming along before the wind.

If you want a truly fairy gift that will keep you lifted up week after week, that will overwhelm you with its returns in sincere appreciation, love, and unbounded loyalty, wish for a troop of Girl Scouts.

"But Ah, my foes, and Oh, my friends
It gives a lovely light!"

The Modern Trend and Millay

BY PAULINE LACY



THE poems of Edna St. Vincent Millay are typical of the trend of modern poetry. They indicate the tendency of reverting to eighteenth century rationalism—appealing to the intellect as well as the emotions. However, in this respect, her poems contrast with those of Sara Teasdale, who is more of a Romanticist.

One way in which to study Miss Millay as a typical modern poet is to consider her differences from the previous women writers of poetry. She is not a recluse as was Mrs. Browning, Emily Bronte, Christina Rossetti, and Emily Dickinson, who led lives that were sheltered, either because of spinsterhood or, in the case of Mrs. Browning, because of the fact that she was wholly engrossed in the life of her husband, to the detriment of her own individuality. Miss Millay, on the contrary has led a crowded life. She has treated it as an adventure, seeking out friends and companions and enjoying the experiences of going to college and making her own living.

She differs from preceding woman writers in her treatment of love. She speaks of love with candor, neither hesitating to express her true feelings, nor trying to hide the identity of her sex in her poems under the guise of writing as a man. Furthermore she does not lose her own personality in her love.



She maintains a rational attitude. She does not refuse to recognize the passing of her love or try to retain an unresponsive lover.

Miss Millay's later poems reveal the characteristic of modern life which was probably fostered by the uncertainty of war-times, the desire to extract all possible out of life and love while they last. The poems **First Fig** and **Second Fig** are indicative of this mood. Corresponding with this attitude there is a spirit of irresponsiveness about her later poems. Suckling was not any less concerned in his love affairs than she in **Thursday**. These poems are more sophisticated than

her early editions and contrast rather strangely with **Renascence**, lacking its air of freshness and spontaneity.

Miss Millay's style has been characterized as possessing the "case of a bird's song." Although her lyrics are full of symbols and imagery the lines are not over-burdened. In her book, **The Poet and His Art**, Harriet Monroe quotes as an example of the poet's art in her use of symbols, the "narrow shoes" and "empty dresses," which, rather than the reference to death, create the mood of grief.

Renascence, written when she was nineteen years old and an undergraduate in Vassar, remains Miss Millay's greatest work. It gives the story of the rebirth of a cramped soul from a

condition in which it was unable to appreciate God in its surroundings to a state in which the presence of God is obvious because the soul has grown:

"Thou canst not move across the grass
But my quick eyes will see Thee pass
Nor speak, however silently,
But my hushed voice will answer Thee.
I know the path that tells Thy way
Through the cool eve of every day;
God, I can push the grass apart
And lay my finger on Thy heart!"

And then the conclusion which the soul draws from its experience:

"The soul can split the sky in two,
And let the face of God shine
through."

The descriptions of nature found in *Renascence* are among her best—"the rain's cool finger-tips," "the shine of every slanting silver line," "the freshened fragrant breeze from drenched and dripping apple-trees," "the grass a-tip-toe at my ear." This intense love of nature is seen to advantage also in *God's World*, which begins:

"O world, I cannot get thee close
enough"

and which is considered by some as her best short poem. This same feeling is also found in *Afternoon on a Hill*:

"I will be the gladdest thing under the
sun

I will touch a hundred flowers and
not pick one."

The appreciation of nature, so marked in Miss Millay's poetry is one feature of her universality which is partly responsible for her ranking as one of the chief poets of the day. Other elements which indicate her scope are the tragedy theme, particularly the tragedy of one's lack of control over death, seen in her sonnet, *Nor Shall My Love Avail You*, pathos and grief as exemplified by *To D. C.*, and *When the Year Grows Old*, mother love so poignantly expressed in the charming *Ballad of the Harp-Weaver*, and the vagabond spirit as seen in *Travel and Journey* which makes Miss Millay appeal particularly to those who possess restless, adventurous natures.

While Miss Millay is classed as a modern lyric poet of the first rank and even pronounced the greatest woman poet since Sappho by many critics, she has other critics who are less favorable. Clement Wood in his book, *Poets of America*, doubts her honesty, implying that she substitutes cleverness for sincerity. According to him, her poems show a cultivated quaintness and a "studied naivete," and lack of charm and spontaneity. He refers to her fifth sonnet in the volume *Renascence and Other Poems*, as proof of this fact, stating that only those accustomed to "reining" their emotions would refuse to cry aloud in a crowded street car at the news of the death of a loved one. Her habit of exaggerating, he explains, is indicated in the expression "let fall no burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call," which occurs in the poem *God's World*, since there could hardly be a temperament so sensitive as to be vitally affected by the falling of a leaf or the sound of a bird-note. Mr. Wood accuses her, furthermore, of pettiness, because of the fact that her poems deal almost wholly with herself. He seems to think that she has a narrow outlook, confined to "this little street and this little house." Yet the wide scope of her poetry, due to her treatment of the emotions that ever appeal to humanity, is evident. Moreover, her constant introspective attitude seems merely to be in keeping with the tendency toward psycho-analysis prevalent in modern literature. Mr. Wood's questioning of her use of archaic expressions is disputed by Louis Untermeyer in his book, *American Poets Since 1920*, in which he praises her adaptation of these expressions as a further proof of her genius.

It is well in considering the criticism of Clement Wood, who appears to be one of Miss Millay's most adverse critics, to notice that in his discussion of her lack of sincerity which is condensed in his accusation that "she has her tongue in her cheek," he refers, nevertheless, to her organ of speech as a "golden" tongue!

Marvin Meadors, Horsetrader

BY CARROLL BOYD



HE company store did not boast of a porch. The roof of the stoop covered soft, cool, red dirt mixed with sand. That was simply an added advantage. One could get so much better "stand" to lean one's chair back against the wall in the shade than if the floor had been wood, with pestering knot holes in it. Clinton Bissel ran the store. He got up and moved his split bottom chair from one side of the door step to the other, having dug up the ground where he was, settled himself anew, took out a fragrant plug of tobacco, bit off a generous wad, and heaved a sigh of contentment. But the sigh was cut short by the appearance of Millard Clippard around the corner of the store.

It was very annoying for Millard to come just at this moment, for Clint never liked conversation right on top of a fresh chew, but conversation it must be if Millard be the visitor. He spat vehemently in the soft earth at his feet.

"Mornin', Millard. Set down."

"Thank ye, Clint." The newcomer drew up a chair and arranged himself in it to his entire satisfaction.

"Well, Clint, what's the news wid the new preacher? I seen him over here talking this mornin' when I was over to the station waitin' on the mail.

"B'lieve he's gonna make us a fine pastor, don't you, Clint?"

"Wal, I'll tell ye," expostulated Clint, forsaking his tobacco entirely. "It's this way: Some folks might admire to have a gold fish in the pulpit, but I can't say as I would. It's all according to what you want to use him for.

"And personal, I cain't use him fer nothin', as I can see." But after a moment's hesitation the good-natured old man's smile came back and with a chuckle in his throat, his pudgy face lit

up in reminiscence of the recent conversation with the new parson.

"Millard, the joke shore is on the preacher! He thinks 'cause Marvin Meadors don't come rushing to hear him preach every first Sunday mornin' and third Sunday night when he's here to hold meeting, that he's a sinner. He said Marvin hain't darkened the door since he come here." Here the chuckle broke into a merry laugh.

"I almost told him that him a-being the preacher might 'a had some'n ter do wid that. It don't occur ter him that Marvin is out there in the flat-woods holding meetings every Sunday that comes around with them pore folks that ain't even got a mule to bring 'em in to meeting, much less no church out there. That preacher don't look like the man to me, that would saddle a horse and ride plum that fur in the rain or sleet, when he didn't think nobody would ever hear nothing about it."

"But maybe he would," added Bissel, being after all a charitable man.

"Huh! If Parson Doolittle thinks old Marvin ain't doin' nothin' but wastin' time leanin' up agin that barn door of his'n he better not stop along there to talk to him no time. Before he knows it he'll have hisself done swopped plum out of horse, harness, and rig, if he don't look out."

Meadors was known all over the countryside as a genius in the profession of horse trading. And it was the pride of his life that he could swap off any old nag without lying about it to the prospective purchaser, but likewise disclosing none of his animal's faults. Among the choicest bits of humor which were periodically guffawed at around the company store steps were the tales of how Marvin could "trade the jeans off a Jew" when it came to horse swopping. The story of how he had traded

horses with Jed Hays and then swopped him back his own old plug mare two weeks later for money to boot, was still a village classic.

Staccato hoof beats cut through the cloud of yellow dust swiftly approaching over the parched hill, and in an astonishingly short time a paintless but well repaired buggy drew up before the comp'ny store. The small, homely, jovial little man on the seat in faded blue overalls and moth eaten hat, drove his trap like a Roman emperor, if emperor did ever drive his own one-horse buggy. His colorless shirt showed a dark bright blue only along the edge of his suspenders where it was protected from the hot sun. His comfortable looking shoes had only about one other point in their favor: they could still be recognized as shoes. All in all, the little man gave the appearance of having seen much and hard wear. Even the old briar pipe clamped between his false teeth looked as if it had spent many seasons in the same corner of the large, happy mouth of its owner.

But his horse was perfect! From the snowy satin of her four slender white sox, to her dainty brown ears, from her luxuriant chocolate colored tail to her sensitive pinky-black nose, not one single flaw could be detected either in the build of the sorrel, her markings, or her grooming. The sun light played about over her sleek rounded sides and glanced on her flowing mane. With her head held high on her fine neck, ears alertly cocked, she stood motionlessly, poised on her four superbly spindly legs, as her master threw his reins over the

whip holster and jumped across the wheel crooning, "Woa, Dixie," as he passed into the shade of the village store.

"Good mornin', neighbors!" he called cordially, as he paused on the threshold.

"Cain't ye set a while?" shouted Millard.

"Thank ye, gentlemen, I reckon not today. Got to be gittin' back to the house in time to git out to the flat-woods 't's evenin' on a little piece of business." He winked slyly at Clint, as the latter rose and languidly shook out his lanky form, preparatory to following the newcomer into the recesses of the cool store.

The colorless, understanding eyes winked back at the humorous blue ones of an old friend, as the latter produced a lean roll of bills and counted its contents before doing his ordering.

"You better give me a whole strip of side meat this time, Clint. And a big sack of flour too. Them pore Abenathys is powerful hard up this year. They ain't been no rain since crops is laid by, and they ain't goin' to be scarcely no crops up there either on account of it. Times is shore hard up in them flat-woods."

Marvin spied a freshly opened keg of cheap candy, of the most approved country store coloring. After making a hasty calculation on the counter, he threw down the pencil and with a characteristic little gesture shouted back to the proprietor:

"Clint Bissel, you gimme this too!"

The Weather

BY DOROTHY BLACKMON



VERYONE maligns at the weather but what would we do without it?

It is as fickle as woman, and as undependable as man. Also it bears a marked resemblance to Santy Claus in that we are reasonably sure it will come, but we never know what it will bring.

Again like a woman it may be tears one minute, and smiles the next. Like man it often frowns and breaks forth with a loud and rumbling voice.

Yet, as I asked before, what would we do without it? Everything unpleasant, especially when it is our own fault, we blame on said weather. If you make divinity fudge and it refuses to stand on its own feet, but slinks soupily in the bottom of the platter in a most cowardly manner, and every remedy has failed, what do you do? Why, if there is (or isn't) the slightest bit of mist outdoors, you immediately blame it on the weather. You pat yourself on the back and say, "Nobody can make sunshine fudge on a day like this," and spend the rest of the day sympathizing with yourself because you feel you've been badly used.

And whenever any member of the tribe of Adam needs an excuse, what does he use? The weather, of course. Whenever I am asked to fill an engagement that I consider undesirable, I

don't. It's very simple—just call the weather names and don't go. If it is winter, the weather is entirely too cold, and I'm very susceptible to colds; if it's spring, the weather is entirely too windy, and I am subject to bronchitis; if it's summer, the weather is entirely too hot, and I freckle oh, so easily; if it's fall, then the weather is entirely too uncertain, and besides I'm often a victim of hay fever. The weather slanderer has an easy time.

There are some people, however, who are prone to be foolishly optimistic about the weather. They never wear rubbers, and never carry umbrellas but rely on luck and their good friends. These optimists are the direct descendants of the devil who said to Noah, "It's bound to clear up again," and refused a ride in the ark, because he thought the price too high. Like him they're apt to be all wet.

No matter whether we want the weather or not, like the poor, we have it always with us.

In spite of the fact that at Westinghouse Electric ready-made lightning may be produced, the day has not come when we can get our weather made to order.

So in the spirit of Mark Twain, I ask you, "What's the use of talking about the weather anyway? Nobody ever does anything about it."

Exchange

The Tower



THE carnival number of the "Tower," Dartmouth College, opens with a so-called comedy in one act, "Tally-Ho." It is very cleverly written, although like the cat that smelled the rat we early sensed the outcome. The idea is entirely foreign to the commonplace. One does not every day feature a bridegroom giving a tea dance as an excuse to be absent from his own wedding. Being of the weaker sex, we were delighted to see her bring him to his senses in a jilting fashion.

"Three Days From Two Diaries," proved to be a unique feature of the magazine. The editor's note served to prepare its gentle readers for the worst in saying that the purpose "of bringing these two heretofore unpublished documents to light is not to injure in any way the reputations of the young ladies concerned." The article was, in our humble opinion, somewhat heavily encased in exaggeration and we recommend shock absorbers to any old maid aunts persuing the latter half.

"Dandruff" is a delightfully entertaining story. It is well written in a simple charming style and possesses all the ear marks of a good short story.

As a whole "The Tower" is rather lacking in material in general and in real literary genius in particular. We are a bit skeptical about the poems. In fact, none of them seem of any special value. Perhaps "Religion" is the best.

The Emory Phoenix

"The Lady on Saturn" is, as is to be expected from the title, unrealistic to the nth degree. If it were not so scientific it might be almost proclaimed fantastical.

We admit to liking "The Stranger in the Swamp," in spite of it being the height of improbability. The mountaineer dialect adds effective atmosphere to the story.

"The Stranger Truth" seems to be a

true autobiographical sketch and the writer is slightly lamentful, yet hopeful. And perhaps his hopes are justified. The sketch is full of the unexpected.

Shades of the Florida boom appear in "Rawhides and Relatives." The moral is like the violet half hidden from the eye—and yet it is there. It might be sloganized as "banks for namesakes." The story ends abruptly, perhaps too much so.

"In Bertha's Black Hand," it is easy to see that the local color comes from first hand information. It shows traces of the masculine love for melodramatic.

The sketch on Robert E. Lee lends dignity and versatility to the magazine.

We appreciate the rareness of the poetic in our present day college and we do not wish to condemn nor discourage, but we must admit that the poetry seems weak. "The Other Thief" has appeal through its startling theme. If it is true that good poetry must be sublime we fear we could not call this poetry.

The Goucher Kalends

"The Goucher Kalends" is in possession of an unusual group of poems while it is somewhat sadly lacking in other material. We suggest longer short stories, strong feature articles, and more real literary style.

Of the poesy we prefer "Songs of Solitude":

"Today

I dusted out my mind

And swept away

The grey webs hanging on its walls—

The vague mistaken thoughts

Spun by the creeping spiders

Of fertile solitude.

All day

I swept and dusted—

A dry broom

Does not clean away cobwebs

Easily.

I cannot weep."

Rambler

BY CARROLL BOYD

Gels and Leddies! One moment.

Ladies, men and gentlemen
 Everybuddy! If you have never paid us one moment's attention before or since, do it now and forever marvel! We have made an impression! Our public has registered at least in part. . . . Our life ambition is accomplished and now we can sink back into oblivion and be happy, happier and more contented than those cows you read about. You just don't know . . . (there ain't no telling) what a grand and glorious feeling it is to get a rise out of people when you didn't think they even noticed your existence. But to have them tell you so is just too good to believe, unless you believe that the rabbits really did lay the Easter eggs, too. Well, believe it or not, we got a rise out of them last month, and worse yet, it was TWO theys.

* * *

Now of course we don't propose to rest on our laurels thinking that our success is assured or anything impossible like that, because take that incident of the lady who wrote that poem last month about the princess on the Soochow river. We just up and called that princess a wash-lady right out. And do you think that author lady got mad at us or anything? Well, you got fooled, too. We had to break down and find the place for her in the magazine, put her finger on the place, and everything, before she even noticed us.

* * *

But now take the incident of the lady who thinks encouragement is the thing that makes the world go around: She's the kind we like, because she went out of her way, it is possible, to make her comment to us about the COLUMN. And she told us that didn't we know nobody read our stuff. We said, well,

we don't just recollect exactly what we did say, so we won't mention it here. We are sticklers for accuracy, you know, as always. But we fooled that lady good, because if she didn't read it herself how did she know that she didn't hear other people referring to it here, there, and everywhere on the streets, school, and in literary publications and Mercer Cluster. Besides, how could she know it was ours if she didn't read it?

* * *

Thank you, one and all, for your kind attention and your unexcelled patience. You can go on about your business now, if you want to.

* * *

We hope they got fooled there and quit (we refer to those soulless creatures that think evil of our good intentions), because maybe they will miss the fun and we hope they do; we don't think they deserve the treat of the collitch letter if they don't earn it by getting through the COLUMN too. We have learned the Ten Commandments but we haven't used them all enough to get second-hand prices for the entire collection, yet.

* * *

Since the Biblical Literature Club went down to the county jail and sang sweet songs to the birds that were already down there, some of the young ladies have practically decided to get locked up, too. It's such fun down there. They haven't come right out and said so, but the RAMBLER just did it for them.

* * *

Kit Lawton made the dirty dig of the week by mentioning that she thought it was unfair of the "Blue Heaven" quartet (a la Wesleyan) to render their selections, when the audi-

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ence was not at liberty to walk out if they felt compelled to.

* * *

If it's anything in the line of jail house etiquette you are hunting, just quiz one of the Y. L. J.s. (N. B. Young Lady Jailbirds.)

* * *

"Man wants but little here below." Quoted. Not original. But we know why. The columnists would have to write about it and there is already too much. Of course he's always kicking because he wants something he hasn't

got, but now just take this month—how can a person, even a RAMBLER person be expected to mention adequately spring holidays, Tech and Emory Glee Clubs, Easter, AND the Jester. What's the need anyway? If there's a single piece of our reading public who lacks information about any of these items, they probably couldn't take it in anyway.

Leddies and Gintlemen—and if we have any others with us yet, let us present

DUKE UNIVERSITY.

Lord's Day
Duke University
Durham, N. C.

Dear Ramblers:

"Hell!" I cried, when I received a letter from your editor asking that I write to you. While you may consider me rash for that intemperate ejaculation, you must in fairness admit that my situation called for such a remark. Of course, I am flattered in that I have been asked to do so, but what in 'ell is there that I could write about? So I took my room-mate's pen in hand and sat myself down on the lawn and thought—!!!

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It was a beautiful sunny Sunday afternoon. A number of the local birds sang melodiously in the under-growth at the end of the campus, while others, more energetic, hopped about the grass in quest of worms. Winged insects danced sarabands in the warm sunshine. The ultra-violet rays of the sun were effective and I became sun-burnt—still thinking. But however, I am somewhat compensated for the irritating sun-burn because of the fact that the pale rays of the moon and the scintillating flashes of the stars had no such characteristic effect on my perspired brow during an incident of the night previous.

I am reminded of Miss Feoria Cleeman's letter from Mercer University to the "Odd Number"—"Women are clever, there is no doubt about it. Why history proves that beyond a doubt. Did not Cleopatra make her Mark in history? . . ." That may be so, dear girls, women may be clever, but more clever by far are men. Take the same incident. In the presence of the fair Cleopatra and all her seductive charms, Mark was not to be out done. Did they not both climb to the summit of a mountain where he fed her wine and nectar (necked her)?

And while on the subject of women—who was it that betrayed the Capitoleum? A woman. Who lost the world for the aforementioned Mark Anthony? A woman. Who was the cause of a long ten years' war and then finally laid Old Troy in a mass of ashes? A woman. Who have been the cause of the destruction of so many of this great nation's youths that have become useless because of disappointments in love and have gone off to the Rockies, broken-hearted, to shoot grizzly bears? Women, of course! Destructive, damnable, heartless, deceitful women!!!

But really—I love them. After all, there is probably nothing more remarkable in the way of modern scientific progress in which the attitude of a young

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WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS

man has been inspired to do the finer things in life concerning matters of inspiration received from a woman. And how many male students in a class room have given up all hope of passing an exam, when suddenly there is seen a pretty smiling physiognomy of a co-ed seated nearby. What magic there is in a girl's smile! It is similar to the raisin, which, dropped in the yeast of male complacency, induces fermentation. Then there are certain co-eds on the Duke campus, who, when seen by the men students, on the instant cause their eyes to widen into a goggling stare, their mouths fall open, their fingers clutch wildly at nothing, and they merely standstill—gaping. A sex psychologist, had one ever been present, would have told those members of the "stronger sex" that the pangs of starvation from which they seemingly supposed themselves to suffer, were purely a figment of the mind and that it was merely their subconscious self reacting to the sight of women.

But just because the atmospheric conditions in Durham are often tepid and some times real hot, it should not cast any reflections on all of the Duke co-eds. And talking about Durham, it is said that the best corn liquors are made ri'-chere. Pigs are even fed on it in this vicinity. Several cases of intoxication have been reported on the campus as the result of ham sandwiches. It is also said that several chickens thrive wholly on corn liquor. The Union (Duke's dinning hall) has been serving fermented eggs for breakfast almost every afternoon this week. The mention of Union Hall reminds me that I would love to send you girls a piece of the marble cake they served us last night, but unfortunately (rather I should say, most fortunately), I have not a chisel with which I could cut it. Since I am reminded of food, it may be of interest to you that we are expecting steak for supper this evening because a mule just died near the campus.

Fearing that I have already written too much and since I wish to continue writing my book, "How to Speak English Correct," I will now close. So just as a washerwoman brings her clothes to a line, I will now bring my lines to a close.

Trusting this finds you all in the pink (English for I hope you are well), I am
WILLIAM H. KEHLMANN

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